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SENATOR INGALLS' beautiful little six-year-old daughter is a stanch Democrat, and hurrahed for Grover Cleveland, in spite of Republican parents, all through the Presidential campaign. In February the President gave his dinner to the Justices of the Supreme Court. Senator Ingalls was invited to it, with his wife. Justice Field on that occasion told the President about the little Democrat in the Republican stronghold of Senator Ingalls. The President asked Mrs. Ingalls her daughter's name. She told him it was Marion, and next day was amazed to receive an autograph note from the White House signed Grover Cleveland, and a card with the picture of the Executive Mansion and the President's autograph on it. The note said the card and autograph were for "little Marion," and added: "And I hope that, in spite of her good mother, they may serve to confirm her in the Democratic faith." Subsequently Mrs. Ingalls took the child to call on the President, who gave her a private audience, kissed Marion, and gave her, as it was near Valentine's day, the prettiest valentine he had. So, of course, Marion is a more ardent "Cleveland girl" than ever, and she promptly named her pet cat Grover.

HER Majesty Queen Victoria is not partial to journalists as a class. But her determination to exclude anything in the shape of a newspaper representative from the recent circus performance at Windsor Castle was frustrated by one enterprising journalist, who dressed himself up as a groom and held up paper hoops for the equestriennes to jump through. This dauntless individual had a narrow escape, for his very literary-looking spectacles did not favor the impression that he was a circus groom and were the subject of royal suspicion and remark.

A WRITER in the Atlanta *Constitution* says he once heard Mr. Jefferson Davis reprimand a second in a duel who boasted that he had brought his principal out with flying colors, to the utter confusion of his antagonist, by a little piece of generalship. He explained that the seconds were supposed to be arbitrators, each representing both parties, and that it was the duty of the seconds to see perfect fairness, both in arranging terms of settlement and on the field.

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There have been fought in France since 1870, 847 duels, besides many between officers and private soldiers, which are scarcely ever mentioned in the newspapers. Out of these 847 duels only nine resulted in one of the parties being disabled.

A discussion upon smoking in presence of children is agitating society in England. Instances of tobacco smoke acting like slow poison upon young children are cited, and "smoking fathers" are asked to have the goodness and consideration not to smoke in the presence of their children.

A well-known animal trainer, last fall, bought a flock of geese and proceeded to train them in the same manner as canary birds. He had them educated to a point where they were about ready to introduce to the public, when the whole flock took sick and died. He is going to repeat the experiment this summer.

Persons who have a superstitious dread of Friday will not be pleased to learn that this is a thoroughly Friday year. It came in on a Friday, will go out on a Friday, and will have fifty-three Fridays. There are four months in the year that have five Fridays each; changes of the moon occur five times on a Friday, and the longest and shortest day of the year each falls on a Friday.

An Eastern newspaper with a mathematical bent has made the curious calculations that two drinks of whiskey cost a pound and a half of beefsteak; two beers, a dinner of mutton chops; one cocktail, an egg plant or head of cauliflower. "What will you take?" stands for a nice oyster stew for the whole family on Sunday morning. "Set 'em up again!" means sugar in the house for a month.

The Philadelphia City Hall is still unfinished. Between eleven and twelve millions of dollars have been expended upon it since the laying of the cornerstone, in 1872. It is the largest building, finished or in course of completion, in the United States, and is estimated to cover 2,800 more square feet than the Capitol at Washington. The tower on the north side will be surmounted by a statue of Penn, and its extreme height when completed will be 535 feet. It has now reached a height of 270 feet.

The mocking birds of Florida are fast approaching extermination at the hands of winter tourists. The State has no game laws, and has not needed them up to the time when fashion set its stamp upon that section as the proper resort for escape from the rigors of the cold months of the North. But the woods are now scoured every winter by visitors with shotguns, and mocking birds and cardinals are becoming so scarce that at Jacksonville it is stated that the past spring there was not one bird to be found where there were ten a year ago.

A writer in *Nature* gives an instance of remarkable adaptation in elephants. He observed a young one go to a fence and pull out a bamboo stick, which he broke in pieces, but he threw all the pieces away. This he repeated till he found a piece that suited him. This he passed under his arm-pit and began to scratch. Down fell a great elephant leech, six inches long, which without a scraper could not have been dislodged. The writer adds that the custom is an established one among elephants. They will also break off bushes, strip them nearly down, and use them to whip away flies.

The Rothschild family is rich beyond knowledge. The family wealth, united, amounts into the thousands of millions of dollars, and it holds the financial credit of nations in its hands. In the last twelve years its members have loaned $450,000,000 to certain European governments, and when in 1866, the Prussian Government demanded an indemnity of $25,000,000 from the city of Frankfort-on-the-Main—where the Rothschilds do a great deal of business—the house notified Bismarck that if the levy was forced every bank in Frankfort would be broken. Bismarck did not collect.

Paper is about to monopolize another branch of industry, which is no less a one than the making of gentlemen's headgear. By a new process of manipulation, hats more serviceable and finer than anything now on the market are made of wood pulp. They are impervious to water and not wanting in flexibility. It is believed that felt hats will have to take a back seat as soon as these new hats can be placed on the market in sufficient numbers to supply the demand. They are certain to revolutionize the hatter's trade, as they can be molded into any shape or style desired and colored to meet the taste of the public. They can be made to represent a glossy or nappy appearance.

Indiana comes forward with some remarkable stories of bovine monstrosities. A double-headed calf, with two distinct and perfectly formed skulls and necks, was born recently on the farm of Mr. Futcher, in Wabash County. The body of the animal in nowise differs from that of an ordinary calf. Alfred Cole, a farmer living near Connersville, recently capped the climax, as the owner of a double calf, born on his farm, but dying after only a few minutes. The curious combination was publicly exhibited and viewed by many—two perfect heads joined upon one pair of shoulders. There were two backbones and two perfect tails, close together and separate, with the ordinary four legs and four feet.

LISTEN.

If anything unkind you hear
About some one you know, my dear,
Do not, I pray you, it repeat
When you that some one chance to meet;
For such news has a leaden way
Of clouding o'er a sunny day.

But if you something pleasant hear
About some one you know, my dear,
Make haste—to make great haste 'twere well—
To her or him the same to tell;
For such news has a golden way
Of lighting up a cloudy day.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

MOLLY'S HORSE THIEF.

"There's the shotgun, Molly, and here's my revolver. Both loaded." "Yes, Tom." "Now, mind, child, there isn't one chance in ten thousand that there will be a soul near you. If I thought here was, Molly, I wouldn't leave you.. You understand that?"

"Yes, Tom."

"If any one does come, it will be a neighbor or a neighbor's boy. The bandits and desperadoes have all joined traveling shows. If you don't go scaring yourself to death, you will be all right."

"Yes, Tom."

"But there's a lot of moral support in a shooting-iron, and maybe you'll feel a little safer with these."

He stooped to kiss her, feeling her lips tremble a little as he touched them. But she smiled as she raised her read, and her good-bye was quite steady.

"Plucky little thing," he said to himself, as he rode down the trail at a long, swinging lope.

At fourteen Mary Allison's mother died. Then her father, with broken health and spirits, gathered up the wreck of his fortunes and went away to the green wilderness of a Kansas ranch, leaving the girl in an Eastern school. Tom's college course being at an end, he went with his father, and presently found himself making a profitable business of sheep to the remembered rythm of Greek and Latin classics. When, four years later, Miss Allison had been properly graduated with much ceremony and white muslin, her father, too, had "joined the majority," and she found Tom living in a precarious fashion at the hands of a native housekeeper, and enthusiastically glad to welcome even this very inexperienced head to his small household.

That was in July, and on that radiant September afternoon, Tom found himself imperatively called to the nearest town twenty miles away. The woman who ruled the kitchen had taken herself over the creek to "visit her kinfolks," and the herders were at all ends of the earth with their flocks, when Tom sank out of sight behind the low prairie swells. Miss Allison had the whole green world to herself as far as she could see.

The simply built house had the New England requisite of space within, and the southwestern necessity of deep porches without. Somehow the empty rooms had all kinds of echoes inhabiting them, now that the exorcising manly presence was removed. Miss Allison made her afternoon toilet, and took her sewing-chair and work-basket out to a shady corner.

It was easier to dream than to sew. Truth to tell, Miss Allison had no special vocation for employment for the sake of work. She sat now with slender brown hands clasped behind her head, and drifted on a tide of aimless fancies.

She awoke with a sudden start, broad awake, after a most unaccustomed fashion. All her senses came back to her instantly. The whole wide heaven was aglow with sunset, an unbroken, unflecked arch of color fading down through every tender tint to the cool gray of the short twilight. She took it all in at a glance, and against the glory a man's figure standing black and motionless.

She was on her feet at once. Not a neighbor nor a neighbor's boy; somebody coatless, bare-headed, with white, drawn face, and a helpless arm swung in a blood-stained bandage.

She stood speechless, motionless, an awful, helpless terror clutching her heart. The moral support of Tom's armory was quite out of reach in the house. That the man was already wounded—that he looked as if the merest push of her unarmed hand would be too much for him, did not matter. Such an appearance in the heart of that calm loneliness was not to be accounted for in any ordinary fashion. He might be the climax of any dreadful sequence of events. If Msss Allison had reasoned, she would have found herself afraid of what had happened, rather than of what might come.

"What do you want?" She came forward a step to say it, and tried not to let her heart choke her voice.

The figure put up one weak, appealing hand, uttered an articnlate sound, and dropped forward face down on the grass.

Miss Allison looked about her a minute. All the little flashy pools in the prairie caught the reflection from above, and shone red in the gathering gloom about them. A slender new moon and a single great white star hung calm in the fading glow. She saw it all, and saw herself alone with that prostrate figure lying black before her.

She went toward him over the grass. He neither spoke nor stirred, She gathered back her dress and touched him with her foot. It was an involuntary, half-unconscious gesture; but the woman in her reacted spontaneously. In an instant she was on her knees beside him, touching the cold hand and forehead.

"He has fainted!" she said aloud, quite coolly. There was that redeeming quality in Miss Allison. Her wits were at hand in an emergency.

In two minutes camphor and ammonia had done their appointed work. The stranger lay gasping feebly, but with restored consciousness.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked, crisply.

He looked up at her, standing straight and tall in her white dress.

"I've eaten nothing for forty-eight hours," he said, quietly.

Speech and voice were clear and soft. Miss Allison found herself conscious of a glimmer of friendly interest.

"Can you get into the house?" with matter-of-fact coolness; "I will find you something to eat."

He raised himself weakly as she turned away. Miss Allison looking up presently from her struggles with the cooking-stove fire, found him standing in the doorway regarding her out of hollow, sunken eyes. She had lighted a lamp, and Tom's revolver lay within reach.

A faint smile crossed the man's pale lips. Miss Allison saw it, and a little flash of temper sent color and light into her cheeks and eyes.

"I need accounting for?" answering the flash.

"You do, certainly," sharply. "There's bread and a glass of water beside you. Drink it and lie down till this coffee boils."

He obeyed her. When Miss Allison went to him presently with her coffee, she found him asleep. And from the wounded arm a dark stream dripped slowly.

Miss Allison set down her tray, and turned faint and sick. Then she roused him gently,

"Look at your arm. What is the matter with it?"

"I have been shot," drowsily. "Is it bleeding again? Can you—get me——" falling off into unconsciousness, half sleep, half stupor.

"Oh, dear!" desperately. "He's going to bleed to death! You must wake up!" seizing his shoulder, and speaking with a ring in her clear voice.

He opened his eyes again.

"I will help you bandage your arm." The apron that she had tied over her white dress was in strips, and she was bending over him, her hands not quite steady, her face pale. There was blood on her hands and gown before the work was done.

"I am very sorry," looking up deprecatingly. He had long-lashed, womanish eyes, and his face, if not handsome, was certainly not ruffianly nor coarse.

She poured his coffee and cut his food. A man with one hand is not expected to be expert with knife and fork; but he ate and drank with a refinement that made his evident eagerness more marked and touching.

Not a word was spoken. Miss Allison, behind a table, with her revolver in her lap, watched him closely. All at once a conclusion flashed on her mind and took her breath away.

"You are one of the horse-thieves!" she said, slowly. She was leaning toward him, her lips apart, her eyes very wide open.

He laid down his knife and fork, and looked at her silently.

And then the inconsequent woman's logic asserted itself. The man was a fugitive from justice, certainly; but there he was in her power—hungry—wounded and—interesting. And, somehow, the Allison blood had a trick of taking the losing side.

She rose impulsively.

"They are after you," she said, in a half-whisper. "The whole community is searching."

"I know it," despondently. "I have been in the brush for two days. Somebody gave me this," touching his arm. "I was starved out, worn out, and came here to surrender."

"Finish your supper," abruptly.

Then she went away, and on the porch paced steadily up and down for ten good minutes in the starlight. Through the open window she could watch her visitor, and she had her revolver fimly clutched.

He had finished his meal when she went back.

"I don't know anything about you," she said, severely. "I don't want to. You are a young man, and you do not look as if you were entirely hardened in crime. I am going to give you another chance. I don't know whether I am doing right or wrong," breaking down in her moral tone. "I don't care!" She stopped, and caught her breath. Then she hurried on, forgetting everything, woman fashion, in the excitement of the moment; "The eastern train passes at four o'clock. It's only a signal station, and there will be nobody there. I'll take you down in time for it, and that will give you six good hours of sleep. Tom isn't coming home, and you can have his clothes."

She opened the door of a small room behind her—an orderly, half-filled store-room.

"You can stay here. Nobody will come; and if they do, I—I am armed!" valiantly giving the information as a warning as well as an assurance.

He obeyed her speechlessly. He heard the lock click as he stretched himself on the couch that waited him. And in two minutes he was asleep.

It did not seem much more than that time before he woke, to find her standing beside him.

"Here are Tom's clothes. You have ten minutes to get dressed. I've ripped the coat-sleeve, you see; and there's a traveling-shawl. The horses are ready."

She was waiting for him as he came out. A slight, dark-clad figure; a white face, with wide, shining eyes and resolute, firmly set lips. After all, being clad with a semblance of order and decency, he was not such a desperate-looking character.

He paused at the door.

"Who harnessed?"

"I did."

"And are you going alone?"

"Quite alone."

"And coming back alone?"

"Yes."

She was whiter than ever, and her eyes filled with tears as she looked up at him. Anything less like a heroine never figured in an adventure.

"You poor child!" There was nothing but kindly pity in his voice. "You will take your revolver?" glancing toward it as it lay on the table.

"Yes."

"Hadn't you better," gently, "let me load it?"

"It is loaded. Tom said so."

"Tom was mistaken. See," showing her the empty chambers.

There was the faintest light in the room, carefully screened from outside observation. She had sunk back in her chair at the discovery of Tom's blunder. His face was in strong relief as, with one hand, he did his work slowly and awkwardly.

"You are sure you can use it?"

Somehow there seemed a curious change in their relations.

The swift ponies knew the firm little hands holding the reins. The trail was smooth as a floor, and the five miles vanished behind them. In the clear darkness of the west burned a low, red light.

"There's your train. The station is just ahead. I shall wait here till I see that you get away." It was the first word that had been spoken.

She pulled her horses down to a walk.

"I hope," forcing herself to improve the occasion, "that you won't do it again."

"Get caught for a horse-thief?" pleasantly. "I certainly shall try to avoid it."

It did not sound penitent. Miss Allison experienced a revulsion of feeling.

"You had better get down here," she said, severely.

He alighted slowly and with difficulty. Then he turned toward her, and she saw his face pale in the shadow of Tom's slouched hat.

"I do not want you to think that I do not know that you are saving my life, and that not one woman in a thousand would have had the nerve to do what you have done." There was no question of earnestness in his voice now.

"I hope you'll mend your ways, then."

"Will you tell me your name?" not heeding her speech.

"Mary Allison."

"Thank you." He turned and took a few steps away. "Excuse me," diffidently, forgetting his abandoned character. He was at her side again. "Have you—have you"—desperately—"any money?"

"Very little"—quietly. "Take this, then," dropping a purse into his hand. "And I wish you'd tell me," with a sudden impulse, "did you take the horse?"

"Upon my word, no."

She bent towards to him.

"Good-by," putting out a bare white hand.

He took it with frank earnestness, held it a brief minute, and then the darkness swallowed him up.

A month later Tom wanted that coat and hat, and failing to find them, raised the usual masculine whirlwind about their disappearance.

"Molly Allison, you're responsible! If the country produced image-venders, I should say you had been making a trade!"

She shook her head, but with the color mounting in her face.

He came back from the station that night with news.

"Visitors coming, Molly."

"Who and when?"

"Rob McKenzie. You don't know Rob. He was a classmate of mine. He's coming next week to spy out the land. I haven't heard of him since I came out here."

Rob McKenzie alighting at the small sunny signal station one day in the next week, found a stylish apparition in white dress and pretty garden hat waiting on the platform.

"You are Mr. McKenzie?" a pleasant voice said. "I am Mary Allison. Tom sprained his ankle last night and couldn't come."

Mr. McKenzie seemed rather a quiet young man. Miss Allison drove her ponies and chattered away in the unrestrained delight of having a stranger to talk with—or rather to—and some one fresh from the good times that seemed doubly good in recollection.

"I suppose everybody here shoots more or less. Are you an expert with firearms, Miss Alison?"

They were sitting within-doors in the slight chill of the October evening. Tom answered for her.

"Molly says she can, but I don't believe it, An awful little coward is Molly."

"Is she?" quietly. "I shouldn't think it."

Somebody opened a door incautiously, and in the strong draft the light went out. It was McKenzie who relighted it, and in the faint glow as he bent over the rekindled lamp his face came out with an odd effect against the dark background.

"Oh, my!" in a gasp from Molly's corner.

McKenzie turned toward her as the lamp flamed up. She was staring at him with wide eyes full of perplexity.

"Are you civilized beyond lynch law yet?" he asked, irrelevantly.

"Why? A private grudge against any one?"

"One likes to see all the peculiar institutions of the country. Do you ever hang horse-thieves, for instance?"

"We don't always catch them," drily.

"Did you ever miss a coat and hat, Tom?"

"Molly gave them away," in slow wonder at his companion's drift. And then, catching his sister's blank face: "What have you been telling, Mary Allison?"

"Oh, Tom, I—I gave them to a horse thief, and I believe it was Mr. McKenzie."

Tom sat staring.

"Truth, Allison." And then came the story. "There were two of us taken together. I don't know who they mistook us for. I dodged the mob and took to the timber. I never knew what became of the other man."

"I suspect he is the one I helped out of the State the night I left you alone, Molly."

Some weeks later Rob McKenzie was going through the ceremony of fitting a diamond solitaire on Miss Allison's left-hand index finger.

"Oh, the beauty! Where did you get it?

"I brought it with me," coolly.

"Upon my word, Rob McKenzie! And you took this for granted?"

"I made up my mind, one night in September, between here and the Mississippi River, that I would marry Molly Allison if I could get her; and I did my best.'—*Frank Leslie's.*

Shakespeare at School.

Though Shakespeare's parents were illiterate, they knew the value of a good education. The Free Grammer School had been refounded a few years before by Edward VI. And although there is no actual record of his school days, we may take it as certain that little Will Shakespeare was sent to the Free School when about seven years old, as we know his brother Gilbert was, a little later. The old Grammer School still stands; and boys still learn their lessons in the self-same room with the high pitched roof and oaken beams, where little Will Shakespeare studied his "A, B, C-book," and got his earliest notions of Latin. But during part of Shakespeare's school days the schoolroom was under repairs; and boys and master—Walter Roche by name—migrated for a while to the Guild Chapel next door. And this was surely in the poet's mind when, in later years, he talked of a "pedant who keeps a school i' the church."

All the boys learned their Latin then from two well-known books—the "Accidence" and the "Sententiæ Pueriles." And that William was no exception to the rule we may see by translation from the latter in several of his plays, and by an acccount, in one of his plays, of Master Page's examination in the "Accidence."—*St. Nicholas.*

Boas and Anacondas.

A traveling snake-charmer says that it is easy to win the confidence and affection of youthful boas or anacondas, as they are not venomous or vicious, and can only exert their power of crushing by getting a purchase with their tail or something that will offer sufficient resistance after they have completely coiled themselves around the limb or body of their intended victim. If surprised or annoyed they may bite, but can do no serious harm thereby. Their tongue is as soft and slippery as velvet.

It is generous on the part of a driver to let a horse have his head.—*Picayune.*

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Jumbo's heart, weighing forty-seven pounds has been sent to Cornell University.

The word "boycott" originated in Ireland from the name of Captain Boycott, a well-known landlord there.

"Blizzard" is derived from the Canadian-French blessart, which means a cutting north wind, according to Western authority.

It requires the annual slaughter of 100,000 elephants to keep the world supplied with ivory. England alone uses up the product of 30,000 elephants, or 1,200,000 pounds.

Under the German code after the sixteenth century the rule of the Roman law was followed of beginning with the weakest in torture. If husband and wife were to be tortured they began with the wife.

Various processes have been brought forward for producing a satisfactory substitute for the ordinary wooden pail, and the most successful effort in this direction appears to have been accomplished with paper pulp.

Slavery in the ancient Roman world was in part sustained by a practice so revolting and inhuman as hardly to be comprehensible to modern ideas—the systematic exposure and abandonment of the children of the poor and of female and defective children by the rich.

Among the curiosities of Nassau, N. P., is a wonderful phosphorescent lake. It is a collection of brackish water about half a mile square, embedded in cocoanut groves. Its peculiarities are only visible when the night is dark. Then, rowed about in a boat, the visitor is rewarded by the bright, scintillating flashes which every stroke of the oars throws around the craft.

"In the ordinary healthy lung," says Dr. Curtis, "perhaps even in persons who have a consumptive heredity, the germ which causes the break-down of the lung may not be able to make an impression; but if the physical integrity is destroyed by poor food or any debilitating influence, or by a cold, then the germ is able to get in its work, and to multiply and to produce its kind, and to fill the lungs with tubercles."

In the Chinese language there are sixty characters and meanings to the syllable Ling, seventy to Sing and seventy-five to Ing. The Chinese child has a pretty or endearing name given it soon after its birth, Then the boy has a school name when he goes to school, a marital name when he takes a wife, a business name when he goes into business, an official name if he takes an office, and a death name to be put on his tombstone and to go down into history. The Chinese prefix "Ah," so common in this country, is an endearing diminutive, equivalent to Sam-my, John-ny, Tom-my in the English language.

HEALTH HINTS.

For catarrh cure gather common wild mullein and dry and smoke in a pipe. It is said to be a sure cure.

A medical journal says that in carrying children in the arms care should be taken not to carry them habitually on the same side, as this tends to make them one-sided.

Hot camomile bags often give relief to sufferers from neuralgia. They are made of linen lightly filled with camomile blossoms; reject the stalks. When needed, place them on a tin plate in the oven, where they will become very hot but not burn.

Hot milk and seltzer water together are good nourishment for the nerves. Take half a tumbler of milk, heat very hot, but be sure to remove from the fire before it boils; add from the siphon bottle sufficient seltzer water to fill up the tumbler; stir and drink. This is a good night-cap.

In this changeable season, when coughs are heard on every side, the following beverage is soothing if taken just before going to bed by the person troubled with a cough. It is an old French recipe, and is called *latt de poule.* Mix the yolk of one egg thoroughly with a teaspoonful of sugar, and add a few drops of orange flower water. Pour a gill of boiling water by degrees upon the mixture, stirring constantly, and drink very warm.

Tea and Coffee Dyspeptics.

It has occurred to the writer to make many observations as to the circumstances under which tea and coffee are found to agree or disagree with different persons; in the first place, as Sir W. Roberts has pointed out, tea, if taken at the same time as farinaceous food, is much more likely to retard its digestion and cause dyspepsia than if taken a little time after eating; and the custom adopted by many persons at breakfast, for instance, of eating first and drinking their tea or coffee afterward is a sensible one; so also it is better to take one's five-o'clock tea without the customary bread-and-butter or cake than with it.

Indeed, while there is little that can be said against a cup of hot tea as a stimulant and restorative, when taken about midway between lunch and dinner, and without solid food, it may, on the other hand, be a fruitful cause of dyspepsia when accompanied at that time with solid food. It is also a curious fact that many persons with whom tea, under ordinary circumstances, will agree exceedingly well, will become the subjects of a tea dyspepsia if they drink this beverage at a time when they may be suffering from mental worry or emotional disturbance.

Moreover, it is a well-recognized fact that persons who are prone to nervous excitement of the circulation and palpitations of the heart have these symptoms greatly aggravated if they persist in the use of tea or coffee as a beverage. The excessive consumption of tea among the women of the poorer classes is the cause of much of the so-called "heart-complaints" among them; the food of those poor women consists largely of starchy substances (bread-and-butter chiefly), together with tea, i. e., a food accessory which is one of the greatest of all retarders of the digestion of starchy food.

The effect of coffee as a retarder of stomach digestion would probably be more felt than it is were it not so constantly the practice to take it only in small quantity after a very large meal; it is then mixed with an immense bulk of food, and its relative percentage proportion rendered insignificant; and to the strong and vigorous the slightly retarding effect on digestion it would then have may be, as Sir W. Roberts suggests, not altogether a disadvantage; but after a spare meal and in persons of feeble digestive power the cup of black coffee would probably exercise a retarding effect on digestion which might prove harmful.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

TAKE HEED.

Footsore, hungry, and out of heart,
A fox and wolf were wearily trotting,
Devising plans to gain a meal
At little cost of time in plotting.

Anon they spied a mule, who stood
Out in the meadow calmly thinking,
His long ears flapping to and fro,
His sleepy eyes serenely blinking.

"Ha!" whispered Fox, a tricky elf,
"Dear brother Wolf, as I'm a sinner,
Here's just what we most sorely need;
Here's meat for many a hearty dinner."

"What beast it is," said brother Wolf,
"I fain would learn ere we assail him."
Said brother Fox: "Your hint is good;
Suppose you march right up and hail him."

"Friend with the waving ears," said Wolf,
"We strangers both are glad to greet you.
I'm Wolf; he's Fox. What is your name?
It is an honor, sir, to meet you."

"My name," said Mule, "is graven deep
Upon my hinder foot—the near one;
You'll laugh when you have spelled it out,
For it is such a very queer one."

Wolf trotted gayly to the rear.
Mule raised his foot—to save him trouble—
Then let it drive. Full ten feet off
Poor Wolf lay lifeless on the stubble.

MORAL.

Take not the cunning man's advice;
A tricky friend you'll always find him.
And when you interview a mule,
For safety's sake don't stand behind him.

—*Gath Brittle in Young People.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A nightgown is nothing but a napsack.

No, Ajax, the rooster is *not* a spring flower, although he is a crocus.—*Life.*

As usual, a fringe down each side will be fashionable on flounders this year.—*Puck.*

A man who swallowed rifle balls as a remedy for indigestion, now has shooting pains in his stomach.

He—"What a pretty fan!" She—"Yes; I had it given to me when I first came out!" He—"Really! It has worn well."

We witnessed a foul proceeding from the window of our office one day this week. A hen walked by.—*Newman Independent.*

Diffident lover—"I know that I am a perfect bear in my manner." She—"Sheep, you mean; bears hug people—you do nothing but bleat."

An article in an exchange is headed: "Why the War Ended." We haven't read it, but it is probably because both sides stopped fighting.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I see that an Eastern genius has constructed an engine of paper." "Yes; wonder what kind of an engine?" "Stationery, of course."—*Binghamton Republican.*

When the Prince of Wales recently visited Liverpool his entertainment cost $2,000 an hour. He must have invited all the girls in Liverpool to partake of unlimited ice cream.—*Philadelphia Call.*

WHO BY THE PLOW WOULD STAND.

Plow your furrows deep,
While sluggard's sleep;
And if your crops do well,
Next winter you'll have corn to sell.

—*Goodall's Sun.*

"Whew! The city smells like a pigpen," remarked Binks one day last week. "Yes," returned Jinks; "the wind is from the sow-west," and he glanced in the direction of the stock yards.—*Chicago Rambler.*

Big Hearts in Little Bodies.

A blind man sat beside his hand organ at the corner of Robert and Seventh streets. He raised his sightless eyes and appeared to be waiting the arrival of some one, as his remaining senses told him that a storm was brewing.

A small bootblack came round the corner. His trousers, being too long, were rolled up at the bottom. His coat was also made for a boy of a larger frame. He stuck his thumbs under his dilapidated suspenders and relieved himself of a mouthful of tobacco. Catching sight of the blind man, whose evident anxiety was pictured on his face, he ceased his swaggering gait and brought himself to a standstill.

"Is that you, Willie?" queried the blind man.

"My name ain't Willie," replied the street Arab.

"Can't you take me home? I'm 'fraid it's going to rain and Willie is late," continued the organ grinder, getting ready to move at once.

"Bet your life I kin. Whar do you eat? Hain't you made nothing to-day?" continued the boy as he saw the man take two cent pieces from the tin cup on the organ and deposit them in his pocket. "Only made them two? Well, just wait a minit, till I call the 'kid.'"

A shrill whistle brought a still smaller boy, whose visible wardrobe was made for his companion. He had a cigar in his mouth. "What's de racket, Cully?" propounded the new comer as soon as he was in speaking distance of his fellow workman. The latter explained, and in a jiffy the two boys were out with caps in hand begging for the blind man, who stood as if uncertain what was going on. The boys took different sides of the street and stopped every pedestrian, man and woman, and asked for a nickel to help the blind man.

As the rain began to fall they returned to their blind charge, and having escorted him to a neighborihg store for shelter, turned over to him the money which they had collected. It amounted to $1.65.—*St. Louis Globe.*

Value of Arabic Numerals.

Few people, probably, have any adequate idea of the great difficulties in which arithmetic would be involved were it not for the happy invention of the Arabic numerals. Here is a very simple little sum in addition put in Roman fashion. The reader will find it "a nice amusement," as the model papa always tells his daughters, to work it out as it stands without having resource to Arabic notation:

MDCXLVIII
MCCXLV
DCCXXXIX
MDCCCLXXXIV

None of these figures reaches two thousand, and yet what a hopeless task to sum them up without an abacus! But that is, indeed, a small matter. Here are two better tests of the impossibility of arithmetic without Arabic notation: Multiply (all in Roman figures) MDCCXLIV by DCLXXXIV, and divide MCCXLIII by XLV. Nothing could be simpler than those two sums, and yet it requires considerable intellect and very close attention to work them out on paper with the Roman symbols.—*Cornhill.*

The hands on the dial of the House of Parliament clock, London, weigh one hundred pounds each.

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SENATOR INGALLS' beautiful little six-year-old daughter is a stanch Democrat, and hurrahed for Grover Cleveland, in spite of Republican parents, all through the Presidential campaign. In February the President gave his dinner to the Justices of the Supreme Court. Senator Ingalls was invited to it, with his wife. Justice Field on that occasion told the President about the little Democrat in the Republican stronghold of Senator Ingalls. The President asked Mrs. Ingalls her daughter's name. She told him it was Marion, and next day was amazed to receive an autograph note from the White House signed Grover Cleveland, and a card with the picture of the Executive Mansion and the President's autograph on it. The note said the card and autograph were for "little Marion," and added: "And I hope that, in spite of her good mother, they may serve to confirm her in the Democratic faith." Subsequently Mrs. Ingalls took the child to call on the President, who gave her a private audience, kissed Marion, and gave her, as it was near Valentine's day, the prettiest valentine he had. So, of course, Marion is a more ardent "Cleveland girl" than ever, and she promptly named her pet cat Grover.

HER Majesty Queen Victoria is not partial to journalists as a class. But her determination to exclude anything in the shape of a newspaper representative from the recent circus performance at Windsor Castle was frustrated by one enterprising journalist, who dressed himself up as a groom and held up paper hoops for the equestriennes to jump through. This dauntless individual had a narrow escape, for his very literary-looking spectacles did not favor the impression that he was a circus groom and were the subject of royal suspicion and remark.

A WRITER in the Atlanta *Constitution* says he once heard Mr. Jefferson Davis reprimand a second in a duel who boasted that he had brought his principal out with flying colors, to the utter confusion of his antagonist, by a little piece of generalship. He explained that the seconds were supposed to be arbitrators, each representing both parties, and that it was the duty of the seconds to see perfect fairness, both in arranging terms of settlement and on the field.

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There have been fought in France since 1870, 847 duels, besides many between officers and private soldiers, which are scarcely ever mentioned in the newspapers. Out of these 847 duels only nine resulted in one of the parties being disabled.

A discussion upon smoking in presence of children is agitating society in England. Instances of tobacco smoke acting like slow poison upon young children are cited, and "smoking fathers" are asked to have the goodness and consideration not to smoke in the presence of their children.

A well-known animal trainer, last fall, bought a flock of geese and proceeded to train them in the same manner as canary birds. He had them educated to a point where they were about ready to introduce to the public, when the whole flock took sick and died. He is going to repeat the experiment this summer.

Persons who have a superstitious dread of Friday will not be pleased to learn that this is a thoroughly Friday year. It came in on a Friday, will go out on a Friday, and will have fifty-three Fridays. There are four months in the year that have five Fridays each; changes of the moon occur five times on a Friday, and the longest and shortest day of the year each falls on a Friday.

An Eastern newspaper with a mathematical bent has made the curious calculations that two drinks of whiskey cost a pound and a half of beefsteak; two beers, a dinner of mutton chops; one cocktail, an egg plant or head of cauliflower. "What will you take?" stands for a nice oyster stew for the whole family on Sunday morning. "Set 'em up again!" means sugar in the house for a month.

The Philadelphia City Hall is still unfinished. Between eleven and twelve millions of dollars have been expended upon it since the laying of the cornerstone, in 1872. It is the largest building, finished or in course of completion, in the United States, and is estimated to cover 2,800 more square feet than the Capitol at Washington. The tower on the north side will be surmounted by a statue of Penn, and its extreme height when completed will be 535 feet. It has now reached a height of 270 feet.

The mocking birds of Florida are fast approaching extermination at the hands of winter tourists. The State has no game laws, and has not needed them up to the time when fashion set its stamp upon that section as the proper resort for escape from the rigors of the cold months of the North. But the woods are now scoured every winter by visitors with shotguns, and mocking birds and cardinals are becoming so scarce that at Jacksonville it is stated that the past spring there was not one bird to be found where there were ten a year ago.

A writer in *Nature* gives an instance of remarkable adaptation in elephants. He observed a young one go to a fence and pull out a bamboo stick, which he broke in pieces, but he threw all the pieces away. This he repeated till he found a piece that suited him. This he passed under his arm-pit and began to scratch. Down fell a great elephant leech, six inches long, which without a scraper could not have been dislodged. The writer adds that the custom is an established one among elephants. They will also break off bushes, strip them nearly down, and use them to whip away flies.

The Rothschild family is rich beyond knowledge. The family wealth, united, amounts into the thousands of millions of dollars, and it holds the financial credit of nations in its hands. In the last twelve years its members have loaned $450,000,000 to certain European governments, and when in 1866, the Prussian Government demanded an indemnity of $25,000,000 from the city of Frankfort-on-the-Main—where the Rothschilds do a great deal of business—the house notified Bismarck that if the levy was forced every bank in Frankfort would be broken. Bismarck did not collect.

Paper is about to monopolize another branch of industry, which is no less a one than the making of gentlemen's headgear. By a new process of manipulation, hats more serviceable and finer than anything now on the market are made of wood pulp. They are impervious to water and not wanting in flexibility. It is believed that felt hats will have to take a back seat as soon as these new hats can be placed on the market in sufficient numbers to supply the demand. They are certain to revolutionize the hatter's trade, as they can be molded into any shape or style desired and colored to meet the taste of the public. They can be made to represent a glossy or nappy appearance.

Indiana comes forward with some remarkable stories of bovine monstrosities. A double-headed calf, with two distinct and perfectly formed skulls and necks, was born recently on the farm of Mr. Futcher, in Wabash County. The body of the animal in nowise differs from that of an ordinary calf. Alfred Cole, a farmer living near Connersville, recently capped the climax, as the owner of a double calf, born on his farm, but dying after only a few minutes. The curious combination was publicly exhibited and viewed by many—two perfect heads joined upon one pair of shoulders. There were two backbones and two perfect tails, close together and separate, with the ordinary four legs and four feet.

LISTEN.

If anything unkind you hear
About some one you know, my dear,
Do not, I pray you, it repeat
When you that some one chance to meet;
For such news has a leaden way
Of clouding o'er a sunny day.

But if you something pleasant hear
About some one you know, my dear,
Make haste—to make great haste 'twere well—
To her or him the same to tell;
For such news has a golden way
Of lighting up a cloudy day.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

MOLLY'S HORSE THIEF.

"There's the shotgun, Molly, and here's my revolver. Both loaded." "Yes, Tom." "Now, mind, child, there isn't one chance in ten thousand that there will be a soul near you. If I thought here was, Molly, I wouldn't leave you.. You understand that?"

"Yes, Tom."

"If any one does come, it will be a neighbor or a neighbor's boy. The bandits and desperadoes have all joined traveling shows. If you don't go scaring yourself to death, you will be all right."

"Yes, Tom."

"But there's a lot of moral support in a shooting-iron, and maybe you'll feel a little safer with these."

He stooped to kiss her, feeling her lips tremble a little as he touched them. But she smiled as she raised her read, and her good-bye was quite steady.

"Plucky little thing," he said to himself, as he rode down the trail at a long, swinging lope.

At fourteen Mary Allison's mother died. Then her father, with broken health and spirits, gathered up the wreck of his fortunes and went away to the green wilderness of a Kansas ranch, leaving the girl in an Eastern school. Tom's college course being at an end, he went with his father, and presently found himself making a profitable business of sheep to the remembered rythm of Greek and Latin classics. When, four years later, Miss Allison had been properly graduated with much ceremony and white muslin, her father, too, had "joined the majority," and she found Tom living in a precarious fashion at the hands of a native housekeeper, and enthusiastically glad to welcome even this very inexperienced head to his small household.

That was in July, and on that radiant September afternoon, Tom found himself imperatively called to the nearest town twenty miles away. The woman who ruled the kitchen had taken herself over the creek to "visit her kinfolks," and the herders were at all ends of the earth with their flocks, when Tom sank out of sight behind the low prairie swells. Miss Allison had the whole green world to herself as far as she could see.

The simply built house had the New England requisite of space within, and the southwestern necessity of deep porches without. Somehow the empty rooms had all kinds of echoes inhabiting them, now that the exorcising manly presence was removed. Miss Allison made her afternoon toilet, and took her sewing-chair and work-basket out to a shady corner.

It was easier to dream than to sew. Truth to tell, Miss Allison had no special vocation for employment for the sake of work. She sat now with slender brown hands clasped behind her head, and drifted on a tide of aimless fancies.

She awoke with a sudden start, broad awake, after a most unaccustomed fashion. All her senses came back to her instantly. The whole wide heaven was aglow with sunset, an unbroken, unflecked arch of color fading down through every tender tint to the cool gray of the short twilight. She took it all in at a glance, and against the glory a man's figure standing black and motionless.

She was on her feet at once. Not a neighbor nor a neighbor's boy; somebody coatless, bare-headed, with white, drawn face, and a helpless arm swung in a blood-stained bandage.

She stood speechless, motionless, an awful, helpless terror clutching her heart. The moral support of Tom's armory was quite out of reach in the house. That the man was already wounded—that he looked as if the merest push of her unarmed hand would be too much for him, did not matter. Such an appearance in the heart of that calm loneliness was not to be accounted for in any ordinary fashion. He might be the climax of any dreadful sequence of events. If Msss Allison had reasoned, she would have found herself afraid of what had happened, rather than of what might come.

"What do you want?" She came forward a step to say it, and tried not to let her heart choke her voice.

The figure put up one weak, appealing hand, uttered an articulate sound, and dropped forward face down on the grass.

Miss Allison looked about her a minute. All the little flashy pools in the prairie caught the reflection from above, and shone red in the gathering gloom about them. A slender new moon and a single great white star hung calm in the fading glow. She saw it all, and saw herself alone with that prostrate figure lying black before her.

She went toward him over the grass. He neither spoke nor stirred. She gathered back her dress and touched him with her foot. It was an involuntary, half-unconscious gesture; but the woman in her reacted spontaneously. In an instant she was on her knees beside him, touching the cold hand and forehead.

"He has fainted!" she said aloud, quite coolly. There was that redeeming quality in Miss Allison. Her wits were at hand in an emergency.

In two minutes camphor and ammonia had done their appointed work. The stranger lay gasping feebly, but with restored consciousness.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked, crisply.

He looked up at her, standing straight and tall in her white dress.

"I've eaten nothing for forty-eight hours," he said, quietly.

Speech and voice were clear and soft. Miss Allison found herself conscious of a glimmer of friendly interest.

"Can you get into the house?" with matter-of-fact coolness; "I will find you something to eat."

He raised himself weakly as she turned away. Miss Allison looking up presently from her struggles with the cooking-stove fire, found him standing in the doorway regarding her out of hollow, sunken eyes. She had lighted a lamp, and Tom's revolver lay within reach.

A faint smile crossed the man's pale lips. Miss Allison saw it, and a little flash of temper sent color and light into her cheeks and eyes.

"I need accounting for?" answering the flash.

"You do, certainly," sharply. "There's bread and a glass of water beside you. Drink it and lie down till this coffee boils."

He obeyed her. When Miss Allison went to him presently with her coffee, she found him asleep. And from the wounded arm a dark stream dripped slowly.

Miss Allison set down her tray, and turned faint and sick. Then she roused him gently.

"Look at your arm. What is the matter with it?"

"I have been shot," drowsily. "Is it bleeding again? Can you—get me——" falling off into unconsciousness, half sleep, half stupor.

"Oh, dear!" desperately. "He's going to bleed to death! You must wake up!" seizing his shoulder, and speaking with a ring in her clear voice.

He opened his eyes again.

"I will help you bandage your arm."

The apron that she had tied over her white dress was in strips, and she was bending over him, her hands not quite steady, her face pale. There was blood on her hands and gown before the work was done.

"I am very sorry," looking up deprecatingly. He had long-lashed, womanish eyes, and his face, if not handsome, was certainly not ruffianly nor coarse.

She poured his coffee and cut his food. A man with one hand is not expected to be expert with knife and fork; but he ate and drank with a refinement that made his evident eagerness more marked and touching.

Not a word was spoken. Miss Allison, behind a table, with her revolver in her lap, watched him closely. All at once a conclusion flashed on her mind and took her breath away.

"You are one of the horse-thieves!" she said, slowly. She was leaning toward him, her lips apart, her eyes very wide open.

He laid down his knife and fork, and looked at her silently.

And then the inconsequent woman's logic asserted itself. The man was a fugitive from justice, certainly; but there he was in her power—hungry—wounded and—interesting. And, somehow, the Allison blood had a trick of taking the losing side.

She rose impulsively.

"They are after you," she said, in a half-whisper. "The whole community is searching."

"I know it," despondently. "I have been in the brush for two days. Somebody gave me this," touching his arm. "I was starved out, worn out, and came here to surrender."

"Finish your supper," abruptly.

Then she went away, and on the porch paced steadily up and down for ten good minutes in the starlight. Through the open window she could watch her visitor, and she had her revolver fimly clutched.

He had finished his meal when she went back.

"I don't know anything about you," she said, severely. "I don't want to. You are a young man, and you do not look as if you were entirely hardened in crime. I am going to give you another chance. I don't know whether I am doing right or wrong." breaking down in her moral tone. "I don't care!" She stopped, and caught her breath. Then she hurried on, forgetting everything, woman fashion, in the excitement of the moment; "The eastern train passes at four o'clock. It's only a signal station, and there will be nobody there. I'll take you down in time for it, and that will give you six good hours of sleep. Tom isn't coming home, and you can have his clothes."

She opened the door of a small room behind her—an orderly, half-filled store-room.

"You can stay here. Nobody will come; and if they do, I—I am armed!" valiantly giving the information as a warning as well as an assurance.

He obeyed her speechlessly. He heard the lock click as he stretched himself on the couch that waited him. And in two minutes he was asleep.

It did not seem much more than that time before he woke, to find her standing beside him.

"Here are Tom's clothes. You have ten minutes to get dressed. I've ripped the coat-sleeve, you see; and there's a traveling-shawl. The horses are ready."

She was waiting for him as he came out. A slight, dark-clad figure; a white face, with wide, shining eyes and resolute, firmly set lips. After all, being clad with a semblance of order and decency, he was not such a desperate-looking character.

He paused at the door.

"Who harnessed?"

"I did."

"And are you going alone?"

"Quite alone."

"And coming back alone?"

"Yes."

She was whiter than ever, and her eyes filled with tears as she looked up at him. Anything less like a heroine never figured in an adventure.

"You poor child!" There was nothing but kindly pity in his voice. "You will take your revolver?" glancing toward it as it lay on the table.

"Yes."

"Hadn't you better," gently, "let me load it?"

"It is loaded. Tom said so."

"Tom was mistaken. See," showing her the empty chambers.

There was the faintest light in the room, carefully screened from outside observation. She had sunk back in her chair at the discovery of Tom's blunder. His face was in strong relief as, with one hand, he did his work slowly and awkwardly.

"You are sure you can use it?"

Somehow there seemed a curious change in their relations.

The swift ponies knew the firm little hands holding the reins. The trail was smooth as a floor, and the five miles vanished behind them. In the clear darkness of the west burned a low, red light.

"There's your train. The station is just ahead. I shall wait here till I see that you get away." It was the first word that had been spoken.

She pulled her horses down to a walk.

"I hope," forcing herself to improve the occasion, "that you won't do it again."

"Get caught for a horse-thief?" pleasantly. "I certainly shall try to avoid it."

It did not sound penitent. Miss Allison experienced a revulsion of feeling.

"You had better get down here," she said, severely.

He alighted slowly and with difficulty. Then he turned toward her, and she saw his face pale in the shadow of Tom's slouched hat.

"I do not want you to think that I do not know that you are saving my life, and that not one woman in a thousand would have had the nerve to do what you have done." There was no question of earnestness in his voice now.

"I hope you'll mend your ways, then."

"Will you tell me your name?" not heeding her speech.

"Mary Allison."

"Thank you." He turned and took a few steps away. "Excuse me," diffidently, forgetting his abandoned character. He was at her side again. "Have you—have you"—desperately—"any money?"

"Very little"—quietly. "Take this, then," dropping a purse into his hand. "And I wish you'd tell me," with a sudden impulse, "did you take the horse?"

"Upon my word, no."

She bent towards to him.

"Good-by," putting out a bare white hand.

He took it with frank earnestness, held it a brief minute, and then the darkness swallowed him up.

A month later Tom wanted that coat and hat, and failing to find them, raised the usual masculine whirlwind about their disappearance.

"Molly Allison, you're responsible! If the country produced image-venders, I should say you had been making a trade!"

She shook her head, but with the color mounting in her face.

He came back from the station that night with news.

"Visitors coming, Molly."

"Who and when?"

"Rob McKenzie. You don't know Rob. He was a classmate of mine. He's coming next week to spy out the land. I haven't heard of him since I came out here."

Rob McKenzie alighting at the small sunny signal station one day in the next week, found a stylish apparition in white dress and pretty garden hat waiting on the platform.

"You are Mr. McKenzie?" a pleasant voice said. "I am Mary Allison. Tom sprained his ankle last night and couldn't come."

Mr. McKenzie seemed rather a quiet young man. Miss Allison drove her ponies and chattered away in the unrestrained delight of having a stranger to talk with—or rather to—and some one fresh from the good times that seemed doubly good in recollection.

"I suppose everybody here shoots more or less. Are you an expert with firearms, Miss Alison?"

They were sitting within-doors in the slight chill of the October evening. Tom answered for her.

"Molly says she can, but I don't believe it, An awful little coward is Molly."

"Is she?" quietly. "I shouldn't think it."

Somebody opened a door incautiously, and in the strong draft the light went out. It was McKenzie who relighted it, and in the faint glow as he bent over the rekindled lamp his face came out with an odd effect against the dark background.

"Oh, my!" in a gasp from Molly's corner.

McKenzie turned toward her as the lamp flamed up. She was staring at him with wide eyes full of perplexity.

"Are you civilized beyond lynch law yet?" he asked, irrelevantly.

"Why? A private grudge against any one?"

"One likes to see all the peculiar institutions of the country. Do you ever hang horse-thieves, for instance?"

"We don't always catch them," drily.

"Did you ever miss a coat and hat, Tom?"

"Molly gave them away," in slow wonder at his companion's drift. And then, catching his sister's blank face: "What have you been telling, Mary Allison?"

"Oh, Tom, I—I gave them to a horse thief, and I believe it was Mr. McKenzie."

Tom sat staring.

"Truth, Allison." And then came the story. "There were two of us taken together. I don't know who they mistook us for. I dodged the mob and took to the timber. I never knew what became of the other man."

"I suspect he is the one I helped out of the State the night I left you alone, Molly."

Some weeks later Rob McKenzie was going through the ceremony of fitting a diamond solitaire on Miss Allison's left-hand index finger.

"Oh, the beauty! Where did you get it?

"I brought it with me," coolly.

"Upon my word, Rob McKenzie! And you took this for granted?"

"I made up my mind, one night in September, between here and the Mississippi River, that I would marry Molly Allison if I could get her; and I did my best.'—*Frank Leslie's.*

Shakespeare at School.

Though Shakespeare's parents were illiterate, they knew the value of a good education. The Free Grammer School had been refounded a few years before by Edward VI. And although there is no actual record of his school days, we may take it as certain that little Will Shakespeare was sent to the Free School when about seven years old, as we know his brother Gilbert was, a little later. The old Grammer School still stands; and boys still learn their lessons in the selfsame room with the high pitched roof and oaken beams, where little Will Shakespeare studied his "A, B, C-book," and got his earliest notions of Latin. But during part of Shakespeare's school days the schoolroom was under repairs; and boys and master—Walter Roche by name—migrated for a while to the Guild Chapel next door. And this was surely in the poet's mind when, in later years, he talked of a "pedant who keeps a school i' the church."

All the boys learned their Latin then from two well-known books—the "Accidence" and the "Sententiæ Pueriles." And that William was no exception to the rule we may see by translation from the latter in several of his plays, and by an acccount, in one of his plays, of Master Page's examination in the "Accidence."—*St. Nicholas.*

Boas and Anacondas.

A traveling snake-charmer says that it is easy to win the confidence and affection of youthful boas or anacondas, as they are not venomous or vicious, and can only exert their power of crushing by getting a purchase with their tail or something that will offer sufficient resistance after they have completely coiled themselves around the limb or body of their intended victim. If surprised or annoyed they may bite, but can do no serious harm thereby. Their tongue is as soft and slippery as velvet.

It is generous on the part of a driver to let a horse have his head.—*Picayune.*

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Jumbo's heart, weighing forty-seven pounds has been sent to Cornell University.

The word "boycott" originated in Ireland from the name of Captain Boycott, a well-known landlord there.

"Blizzard" is derived from the Canadian-French blessart, which means a cutting north wind, according to Western authority.

It requires the annual slaughter of 100,000 elephants to keep the world supplied with ivory. England alone uses up the product of 30,000 elephants, or 1,200,000 pounds.

Under the German code after the sixteenth century the rule of the Roman law was followed of beginning with the weakest in torture. If husband and wife were to be tortured they began with the wife.

Various processes have been brought forward for producing a satisfactory substitute for the ordinary wooden pail, and the most successful effort in this direction appears to have been accomplished with paper pulp.

Slavery in the ancient Roman world was in part sustained by a practice so revolting and inhuman as hardly to be comprehensible to modern ideas—the systematic exposure and abandonment of the children of the poor and of female and defective children by the rich.

Among the curiosities of Nassau, N. P., is a wonderful phosphorescent lake. It is a collection of brackish water about half a mile square, embedded in cocoanut groves. Its peculiarities are only visible when the night is dark. Then, rowed about in a boat, the visitor is rewarded by the bright, scintillating flashes which every stroke of the oars throws around the craft.

"In the ordinary healthy lung," says Dr. Curtis, "perhaps even in persons who have a consumptive heredity, the germ which causes the break-down of the lung may not be able to make an impression; but if the physical integrity is destroyed by poor food or any debilitating influence, or by a cold, then the germ is able to get in its work, and to multiply and to produce its kind, and to fill the lungs with tubercles."

In the Chinese language there are sixty characters and meanings to the syllable Ling, seventy to Sing and seventy-five to Ing. The Chinese child has a pretty or endearing name given it soon after its birth. Then the boy has a school name when he goes to school, a marital name when he takes a wife, a business name, when he goes into business, an official name if he takes an office, and a death name to be put on his tombstone and to go down into history. The Chinese prefix "Ah," so common in this country, is an endearing diminutive, equivalent to Sam-my, John-ny, Tom-my in the English language.

HEALTH HINTS.

For catarrh cure gather common wild mullein and dry and smoke in a pipe. It is said to be a sure cure.

A medical journal says that in carrying children in the arms care should be taken not to carry them habitually on the same side, as this tends to make them one-sided.

Hot camomile bags often give relief to sufferers from neuralgia. They are made of linen lightly filled with camomile blossoms; reject the stalks. When needed, place them on a tin plate in the oven, where they will become very hot but not burn.

Hot milk and seltzer water together are good nourishment for the nerves. Take half a tumbler of milk, heat very hot, but be sure to remove from the fire before it boils; add from the siphon bottle the sufficient seltzer water to fill up the tumbler; stir and drink. This is a good night-cap.

In this changeable season, when coughs are heard on every side, the following beverage is soothing if taken just before going to bed by the person troubled with a cough. It is an old French recipe, and is called *lait de poule.* Mix the yolk of one egg thoroughly with a teaspoonful of sugar, and add a few drops of orange flower water. Pour a gill of boiling water by degrees upon the mixture, stirring constantly, and drink very warm.

Tea and Coffee Dyspeptics.

It has occurred to the writer to make many observations as to the circumstances under which tea and coffee are found to agree or disagree with different persons; in the first place, as Sir W. Roberts has pointed out, tea, if taken at the same time as farinaceous food, is much more likely to retard its digestion and cause dyspepsia than if taken a little time after eating; and the custom adopted by many persons at breakfast, for instance, of eating first and drinking their tea or coffee afterward is a sensible one; so also it is better to take one's five-o'clock tea without the customary bread-and-butter or cake than with it.

Indeed, while there is little that can be said against a cup of hot tea as a stimulant and restorative, when taken about midway between lunch and dinner, and without solid food, it may, on the other hand, be a fruitful cause of dyspepsia when accompanied at that time with solid food. It is also a curious fact that many persons with whom tea, under ordinary circumstances, will agree exceedingly well, will become the subjects of a tea dyspepsia if they drink this beverage at a time when they may be suffering from mental worry or emotional disturbance.

Moreover, it is a well-recognized fact that persons who are prone to nervous excitement of the circulation and palpitations of the heart have these symptoms greatly aggravated if they persist in the use of tea or coffee as a beverage. The excessive consumption of tea among the women of the poorer classes is the cause of much of the so-called "heart-complaints" among them; the food of those poor women consists largely of starchy substances (bread-and-butter chiefly), together with tea, i. e., a food accessory which is one of the greatest of all retarders of the digestion of starchy food.

The effect of coffee as a retarder of stomach digestion would probably be more felt than it is were it not so constantly the practice to take it only in small quantity after a very large meal; it is then mixed with an immense bulk of food, and its relative percentage proportion rendered insignificant; and to the strong and vigorous the slightly retarding effect on digestion it would then have may be, as Sir W. Roberts suggests, not altogether a disadvantage; but after a spare meal and in persons of feeble digestive power the cup of black coffee would probably exercise a retarding effect on digestion which might prove harmful.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

TAKE HEED.

Footsore, hungry, and out of heart,
A fox and wolf were wearily trotting,
Devising plans to gain a meal
At little cost of time in plotting.

Anon they spied a mule, who stood
Out in the meadow calmly thinking,
His long ears flapping to and fro,
His sleepy eyes serenely blinking.

"Ha!" whispered Fox, a tricky elf,
"Dear brother Wolf, as I'm a sinner,
Here's just what we most sorely need;
Here's meat for many a hearty dinner."

"What beast it is," said brother Wolf,
"I fain would learn ere we assail him."
Said brother Fox: "Your hint is good;
Suppose you march right up and hail him."

"Friend with the waving ears," said Wolf,
"We strangers both are glad to greet you.
I'm Wolf; he's Fox. What is your name?
It is an honor, sir, to meet you."

"My name," said Mule, "is graven deep
Upon my hinder foot—the near one;
You'll laugh when you have spelled it out,
For it is such a very queer one."

Wolf trotted gayly to the rear.
Mule raised his foot—to save him trouble—
Then let it drive. Full ten feet off
Poor Wolf lay lifeless on the stubble.

MORAL.

Take not the cunning man's advice;
A tricky friend you'll always find him.
And when you interview a mule,
For safety's sake don't stand behind him.
—*Gath Brittle in Young People.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A nightgown is nothing but a napsack.

No, Ajax, the rooster is *not* a spring flower, although he is a crocus.—*Life.*

As usual, a fringe down each side will be fashionable on flounders this year.—*Puck.*

A man who swallowed rifle balls as a remedy for indigestion, now has shooting pains in his stomach.

He—"What a pretty fan!" She—"Yes; I had it given to me when I first came out!" He—"Really! It has worn well."

We witnessed a foul proceeding from the window of our office one day this week. A hen walked by.—*Newman Independent.*

Diffident lover—"I know that I am a perfect bear in my manner." She—"Sheep, you mean; bears hug people—you do nothing but bleat."

An article in an exchange is headed: "Why the War Ended." We haven't read it, but it is probably because both sides stopped fighting.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I see that an Eastern genius has constructed an engine of paper." "Yes; wonder what kind of an engine?" "Stationery, of course."—*Binghamton Republican.*

When the Prince of Wales recently visited Liverpool his entertainment cost $2,000 an hour. He must have invited all the girls in Liverpool to partake of unlimited ice cream.—*Philadelphia Call.*

WHO BY THE PLOW WOULD STAND.

Plow your furrows deep,
While sluggard's sleep;
And if your crops do well,
Next winter you'll have corn to sell.
—*Goodall's Sun.*

"Whew! The city smells like a pig-pen," remarked Binks one day last week. "Yes," returned Jinks; "the wind is from the sow-west," and he glanced in the direction of the stock yards.—*Chicago Rambler.*

Big Hearts in Little Bodies.

A blind man sat beside his hand organ at the corner of Robert and Seventh streets. He raised his sightless eyes and appeared to be waiting the arrival of some one, as his remaining senses told him that a storm was brewing.

A small bootblack came round the corner. His trousers, being too long, were rolled up at the bottom. His coat was also made for a boy of a larger frame. He stuck his thumbs under his dilapidated suspenders and relieved himself of a mouthful of tobacco. Catching sight of the blind man, whose evident anxiety was pictured on his face, he ceased his swaggering gait and brought himself to a standstill.

"Is that you, Willie?" queried the blind man.

"My name ain't Willie," replied the street Arab.

"Can't you take me home? I'm 'fraid it's going to rain and Willie is late," continued the organ grinder, getting ready to move at once.

"Bet your life I kin. Whar do you eat? Hain't you made nothing to-day?" continued the boy as he saw the man take two cent pieces from the tin cup on the organ and deposit them in his pocket. "Only made them two? Well, just wait a minit, till I ca'l the 'kid.'"

A shrill whistle brought a still smaller boy, whose visible wardrobe was made for his companion. He had a cigar in his mouth. "What's de racket, Cully?" propounded the new comer as soon as he was in speaking distance of his fellow workman. The latter explained, and in a jiffy the two boys were out with caps in hand begging for the blind man, who stood as if uncertain what was going on. The boys took different sides of the street and stopped every pedestrian, man and woman, and asked for a nickel to help the blind man.

As the rain began to fall they returned to their blind charge, and having escorted him to a neighborihg store for shelter, turned over to him the money which they had collected. It amounted to $1.65.—*St. Louis Globe.*

Value of Arabic Numerals.

Few people, probably, have any adequate idea of the great difficulties in which arithmetic would be involved were it not for the happy invention of the Arabic numerals. Here is a very simple little sum in addition put in Roman fashion. The reader will find it "a nice amusement," as the model papa always tells his daughters, to work it out as it stands without having resource to Arabic notation:

MDCXLVIII
MCCXLV
DCCXXXIX
MDCCCLXXXIV

None of these figures reaches two thousand, and yet what a hopeless task to sum them up without an abacus! But that is, indeed, a small matter. Here are two better tests of the impossibility of arithmetic without Arabic notation: Multiply (all in Roman figures) MDCCXLIV by DCLXXXIV, and divide MCCXLIII by XLV. Nothing could be simpler than those two sums, and yet it requires considerable intellect and very close attention to work them out on paper with the Roman symbols.—*Cornhill.*

The hands on the dial of the House of Parliament clock, London, weigh one hundred pounds each.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1886.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem N. C.]

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Salem, N. C., Jan. 5, 1886.

HOME RULE DEFEATED.—On the 8th inst., The Home Rule bill for the relief of Ireland was defeated in the English House of Commons on the question of its second readidg by a vote of 341 to 311. This secures a new Parliament.

—Maxwell, who was tried in St. Louis for the murder of Preller has been found guilty of murder in the first degree.

—George Badger Haigh, a native of Fayetteville, but for some years railway agent at Graham died at the latter place Tuesday. His age was 40 years.

—John Kelly, the famous Tammany politician, died at his home in New York, last week. He had been in a precarious state of health for some time.

Frost has seriously damaged the wheat crop of Minnesota on Sunday night. The frosts of Friday night were damaging all over the northwest, killing the corn and potatoes.

—Col. R. W. Singletary, a well known prominent citizen of Wilson is dying in Florida. His wife died there on Tuesday of last week. He was Lt. Colonel of the 27th N. C. Reg't.

—The Commencement exercises of the State University closed last Thursday. The attendance was larger at the term just ended than at any time since the war, and the University is now upon and prosperous basis.

–Secretary Manning, tendered his resignation of the portfolio of the Treasury Department on May 20th, but the President declined to receive it. Mr Manning will take a recess until October 1st. He is at the Virginia Springs.

President Cleveland's Wedding.

Washington, June 2.—The White House was entirely closed to visitors to day and the usual afternoon reception by the President was omitted. Inside all was bustle and confusion in preparation for the wedding. Several express wagons unloaded numerous packages, of various sizes, at the main entrance; and they were at once removed from sight. Some were addressed to the President, some to Miss Folsom, some to Col. Lamont and one to "Mrs Grover Cleveland." Most of them were undopuboubtedly wedding presents.

About 6:30 o'clock the wedding guests began to arrive, their carriages rolling up to the main door of the mansion through the great iron gates on Pennsylvania avenue. The first arrival was secretary Lamar, at 6:37. He was closely followed by Rev. Dr. Sunderland and wife, and during the next few minuetes there came in quick successesion postmaster general Vilas and wife and Wilson S. Bissel, secretary and Mrs. Whitney, and secetary Manning and wife. Removing their wraps in the state dining room, all the guests proceeded to the blue room, where they were received by Miss Rose Cleveland. For a minuete the guests chatted gaily, but the conversation was quickly suspended at 7:16 p m., when the selected orchestra from the Marine band, stationed in corridor, struck up the familiar strains of the "Wedding March," from Medelsohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and all eyes were turned to the doorway to catch the first glimpse of the coming bride and groom.

Starting from the western corridor on the upper floor the President came slowly down the western stairesae, with his bride leaning on his arm. They were unaccompanied, even the bride's mother waiting for her with other guests. Passing through the central corridor the bride and groom entered the blue room and took position near its southern wall, which was completely hidden from sight by a mass of nodding palms, tropical grasses and an endless variety of choice flowers. A crystal chandlier poured a flood of mellow radiance upon the scene, and the collars of massive bands of scarlet begonias and royal jacqueminot roses, mingling with the blue and silver tints of the frescoed walls and ceiling, gave a warm and glowing tone to the briliant interior, The delicate ivory shades of the bride's wedding gown found axquisite setting in the masses of crimson roses immediately beyond. The President was in full evening dress, with a turn-down coller, white lawn necktie and white enamelled studs. A hush fell upon the assemblage as Dr. Sunderland stepped forward to his position fronting the wedding couple, with Rev. William Cleveland (the President's brother) at his left hand. In a distinct tone of voice and with deliberate utterance, the Dr. began the simple and beautiful wedding service. He proceeded with the service, as prescribed. The responses by the bride and groom were made in a firm tone of voice by the President and in a low but clear tone by the bride. Rev. Dr. Cleveland pronounced the benediction. At the conclusion of the ceremony Mrs. Folsom, showing traces of deep emotion, was the first to tender her congratulations to the newly married pair. She was followed by Miss Cleveland, Rev. Dr Cleveland and other relatives and friends in turn. While the congratulations were in progress the band performed the bridal chorus and marsh from "Lohengrin," and to this music the President and his wife led the way into the stately east room. The adornments of this noble hall were in keeping with its majestic proportions, and its ample space and brilliant illumination afforded an opportunity for a fitting display of the ladies' toilets.

The bride wore an enchanting wedding dress of ivory satin, simply garnished on a high corsage with India muslin, crossed in Grecian folds. An orange-blossom garniture, commencing upon the veil in a superb coronet, is continued throughout the costume with artistic skill. Her yeil of tulle, about five yards in length, completely enveloped her, falling to the edge of the petticoat in front and extending the eutire length of her full court train. She carried no flowers and wore no jewelry except an engagement ring containing a sapphire and two diamonds and a plain gold wedding ring which had been placed on her finger before she descended the staircase.

Mrs. Folsom, wore a superb dress of violet satin, with garniture in white faile, with crystalized violet drops in pendants everywhere.

Miss Cleveland wore an exquisite dress, a combination of Nile green and cameo pink duchess satin, with silver ornaments; low corsage, garnished with pink roses; short sleeves, demi-length gloves in light tan. She carried a fan of pink curlew feathers.

Mrs. Hoyt, the President's sister, wore a dainty costume, entraine, of China crape in robin's-egg blue, most effectively garnitured with rare old lace.

From the east room the company proceeded, after a season of promenading and conversation, to the family dining room of the mansion, where the wedding supper was served.

The decorations of the executive mansion to-night were of an elaborate character, and in the language of one of the oldest employees, "it never presented a handsomer appearance." Various public gardens in the city and many private conservatories here and in other cities contributed their choicest plants and flowers to lend their beauty and fragrance to the scene. Of course the blue room, where the ceremony was performed, occupied the principal attention of the decorators. Their work was certainly well done. It was transformed into a veritable bower of beauty.

The bridal couple departed at nine o'clock to-night for Deer Park, Maryland, on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, on a brief wedding tour.

LONDON, June 2.—The Queen has sent the following cable message to President Cleveland: "Pray accept my sincere congratulations on your marriage and my best wishes for your happiness.

[Signed)

"VICTORIA."

WASHINGTON, June 3.—Nearly 200 persons, principally ladies, entered the White House grounds to-day in the hope of being able to inspect the floral decorations, and particularly the Blue Room, where the President's marriage was solemnized last evening. They began to arrive before 8 o'clock, and continued to come in groups until the afternoon. All, however, were doomed to disappointment, and none of them were able to get farther than the main entrance. Here their progress was arrested by the doorkeepers, who informed them that the house was closed for the day, and that orders had been issued to admit nobody except on public business. Inside workmen had been engaged from an early hour removing tropical plants and all floral decorations, and clearing up the house generally. This work consumed several hours, but was fully completed by ten o'clock, and there was nothing left in the general appearance of the room to indicate that the Presidential wedding had occurred but a few hours before. Most of the flowers used in the decorations were distributed among the city hospitals,

About five hundred telegrams congratulating the President on his marriage have been received at the White House. They include messages from ex-President Arthur, Mrs. Grant, Ministers Pendleton and Phelps, the Queen of England, and many public men throughout the country. None of the dispatches will be given out for publication.

DEER PARK, Md., June 3—President Cleveland and bride arrived here at 4 o'clock this morning, and are domiciled in one of the cottages attached to the hotel. There are but few persons here, as there was no knowledge that the bridal party would come.

The President's absence from Washington was only a few days.

Chautauqua for 1886.

Messrs Editors:—I offer you the following, taken from "The Chautauqua for June 1886" as giving an insight of the work to be done this summer, at the famous Chautauqua Recreative and Educational Enterprise.

The season will open about the 1st of July with a ten days' Church Congress, during which Dr. John Hall of New York, will deliver a course of ten lectures, on the general subject of "The Pulpit and the People." Dr. J. B. Wentworth, Sam Jones, Dr. E. G. Taylor, Dr. Geo. P. Hays, and many others will take part in this Church Congress, in connection with which there will be eight conferences on subjects related to church and pastoral work. Dr. John Hall will preach on Sunday July 4th, and on Sunday July 11th. A special ticket will be prepared for these ten days, and it is earnestly hoped that many ministers will take advantage of this, the finest opportunity that has been offered them by the Chautauqua Management. The rates for board will be made as reasonable as possible, and every inducement offered to clergymen to come to Chautauqua during the Church Congress

On July 10th, the Educational Department of the Chautauqua Season will be opened,

CHAUTAUQUA TEACHERS' RETREAT.

A three weeks' meeting of secular school teachers, every July, for lectures, illustrative exercises, biographical studies, scientific experiments, &c. &c., combining with the recreative delight of the summer vacation, the stimulating and quickening influence of the summer school. Many hundred of teachers gather here every season, and pursue courses of pedagogical study, under the direction of Prof. J. W. Dickenson, of Boston, and a corps of able instructors.

The Faculty of the "Retreat" for 1886 includes the names of sixteen professors, in as many different departments. The regular Teachers' Retreat ticket, which includes admissioa to the grounds from July 10 to 31, entitles the holder to the following privileges: All general exercises in the Ampitheater, including lectures, concerts, recitals, and entertainments during the sessions of the Retreat.

Fourteen Lessons in Pedagogy.

Fourteen lessons in practical application of Pedagogical Science.

Fourteen lessons in Experimental Science.

Fourteen Exercises in critical study of Shakespere.

Two conferences on the eminent Educators "Ascham" and "Arnold."

Five tourists conferences on the "Ideal Foreign Tour."

One exposition of method in Penmanship.

One exposition of method in Phonography.

One exposition of method in Stenographic Reporting.

Two expositions of method in Elocution.

Two admissions to each of the departments in the Schools of Language.

Ten half hour drills in Schools Calisthenics.

Two Chautauqua Teachers' Retreat is designed chiefly to ilustrate the latest and best educational methods.

The philosophy of teaching is considered in all its aspect, and practical illustrations are given of teaching language, arithmetic, geography history, civil polity, mineralogy, botany, chemistry, zoology, physics, hygiene, &c.

The department of "experimental science," is very complete, and offers special attractions to teachers who desire to become acquainted with simple experiments and illustrations which may be introduced into the School room.

The Chautauqua Teachers' Retreat has this advantage over all similar summer meetings, from this fact that not only are the methods and instruction, the very best, and most thorough, but in connection with them, there is a general program of great interest and profit:—brilliant lectures, attractive concerts, pleasant excursions, novel entertainments, spelling matches, pronouncing matches, quotation matches, receptions and all kinds of delightful recreative features.

CHAUTAUQUA IDEAL FOREIGN TOUR.

This is a plan by which a trip through some foreign country is outlined, and at a series of conferences the itinerary of this trip is discussed by the people who have traveled over the route in question:—inquiries on the part of the foreign tourist are answered; every possible means is employed to give the foreign tourist an idea what continental travel is like, and what the character of the places visited, the manners and customs of the people of the different countries, styles in architecture, and the treasures in art. Parlor soirees, stereopticon illustrated lectures and a large and well selected library of foreign travel; engravings and photographs &c., add greatly to the profit and enjoyment of the tourist. The tour this year extends through the British Isles and includes a careful study of English castles, cathedrals, and universities.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF LANGUAGE

This school will open July 10, and under the care of fifteen able instructors, classes will be organized in French, German, English, Latin, Greek, Sanscrit and Hebrew. The *Natural Method* of instruction will be closely adhered to in most of these classes.—The department of English includes a careful study of the English and Anglo Saxon, with critical readings of Englich classical literature. This department is one of the most important of the Chautauqau Schools of Language, and is increasing rapidly in popularity.

The department of Latin, Greek and Sauscrit, offers a most complete plan of work. Classes will be organized in Caesar, Cicero, Tacetus, Virgil, Terence, Horace, Nifros, &c in Latin:—and in Greek, in Xeuophon, Herodoties, Plato, Homer and Sophocles. The professors represent some of the best institutions of learning in the country. In connection with the Chautauqua Schools, there is a Reference Library, and a Reading Room. The leading German and French papers will be on file for the use of students. Also valuable reference books in Latin and Greek Literature, and in Archaeology. The ticket entitling the holder to all the general exercises of the Assembly from July 10 to Aug 21 and to *tuition in any of the regular departmonts is* $12.00.

The following are

SPECIAL CLASSES

which will be taught during the Teacher's Retreat, and of which persons may avail themselves by paying the additional fee for each:

Microsopy, 10 Lessons	$ 2.00
Penmanship, 10 "	2.50
Elocution, to continue 6 weeks Juvenile, General, Advanced and Ministerial	——
Book-keeping, 10 Lessons	3.00
Phonography, 20 "	10.00
The Stenograph, 20 Lessons	10 00
The Type-writer	5.00
Clay Modeling, per Lesson	60
Calisthenics, 20 Lessons	5.00
Voice Culture, 10 "	1.00
Harmony, " "	1.00
Drawing & Perspective, 10 Les.	5.00
Painting and Crayon work, 12 Lessons	10.00

The arrangement for

MUSIC

during the coming season at Chautauqua are unusually complete. Classic Concert, with prominent soloists, will be given. Organ Recitals, by Prof. I. V. Flagler, of Auburn, N. Y., the Amherst College Glee Club; the Shurbert Quartet which gave universal satisfaction last season,—and others, will contribute excellent music.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

On Wednesday Aug 18th the graduates of the class of 1886 will receive public recognition;—passing through the "Golden Gate," and "The Arches," into the "Hall in the Grove;" and will afterwards be addressed in the great Amphitheater, by Dr. James H. Carlisle, President of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C., the new Counsellor of the C. L. S. C. This is a great day for members of the C. L. S. C., and an attractive programme fills the week, of which this day is the center.

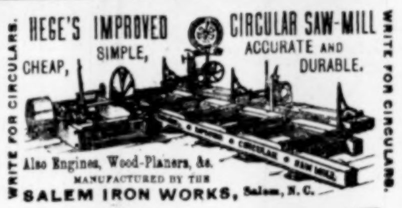
On Tuesday, August 3rd, the

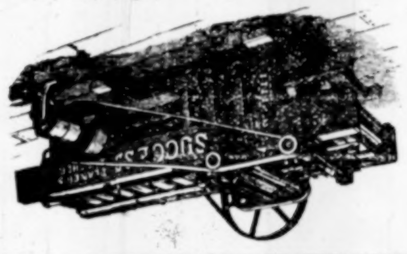
GRAND OPENING

of the Thirteenth Assembly will take place. On the evening of that day, thousands will assemble in the Amphitheater, where speeches of welcome and of recognition will be made, enthusiastic songs sung, and the Chautauqua Vesper Service used. Dr. J. H. Vincent will be at his best, and Chautauqua fellowship will run high. From this day on, to the end of the month, Chautauqua is at its best. Brilliant Lectures, Soul-stirring Music, warm religious exercises, general good feeling, with as much recreation and pleasure as is wanted, will contribute to make a 3 weeks' sojourn seem like halcyon days.

For full particulars concerning railway rates, admission tickets, board and detailed program, address W. A. Duncan, Syracuse, N. Y., up to June 25th, afterward at Chautauqua, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

1t. JAS T. LINEBACK.


WRITE FOR CIRCULARS.
HEGE'S IMPROVED
CIRCULAR SAW-MILL
CHEAP,
SIMPLE,
ACCURATE AND DURABLE.
WRITE FOR CIRCULARS.
Also Engines, Wood-Planers, &c.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
SALEM IRON WORKS, Salem, N.C.



The SALEM IRON WORKS

SALEM, N. C.

Manufacture their own STEAM ENGINES, SAW MILLS, WOOD PLANERS, PULLIES, HANGERS, SHAFTING, &c., THEREFORE CAN OFFER SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO THOSE WISHING TO BUY FIRST CLASS OUTFITS.

Remember, that if you buy your outfit direct from manufacturers, you can save the agents commission.

PRICES LOW.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

SALEM IRON WORKS, Salem, N. C.

We are, we believe, the first manufacturers in the South, to build Wood Planers.

T. S. FULLER. I. W. DURHAM.

NEW FIRM! NEW FIRM!

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

We beg to inform the people of Winston-Salem and the surrounding country that we have opened a nice and well selected stock of

Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Shoes and Groceries, bought exclusively for Cash at Rock Bottom Prices,

and we are determined not to be undersold. Our motto is, "The Best Goods for the Least Money," and we mean to maintain it in every particular.

No trouble to show Goods, so call early and often at OUR CHEAP CASH STORE, and be convinced that you can get the best Goods for the least money. By fair dealing we hope to merit a share of your patronage.

Very truly,

FULLER & DURHAM,

Red Front, Liberty Block, Liberty St., Winston, N. C.

No. 17.—3m.

Receive more Goods, pay more freight, pay more purchase tax and sell more Goods than any house in Town.

GEO. W. HINSHAW. WADE H. BYNUM.

NEW GOODS, SPRING OF 1886.

HINSHAW & BYNUM,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE, STAR BRAND FERTILIZERS, FIELD SEEDS, FARM PRODUCTS AND FARMER'S SUPPLIES.

FOURTH ST., - WINSTON, N. C.

WE received and sold during the year of 1885 one hundred eighty-two and one-half car loads Merchandise, 3,647,069 pounds, on which we paid ten thousand, three hundred and twelve dollars freight. Our sales this year have been very much larger than up to this time last year.

WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT.

In this department we are fully prepared to meet the wants of the trade and able to meet any and all competition from every source. We invite an examination of our stock and prices.

RETAIL DEPARTMENTS.

We buy our Coffees in large lots from importers, Sugars from the refineries, Syrups, Molasses, Oils, Meats, Flour and Ship Stuff in car load lots at the lowest cash prices.

WE ALSO BUY IN LARGE QUANTITIES

Leather, White Lead, Ropes, Buckets, Tubs, Kegs, Drugs, Fish, Glass, Putty, Tin-Ware and hundreds of other things,

HARDWARE.

Nails, Horse and Mule Shoes, Axes, Shovels, Spades, Forks, Mattocks, Handled Hoes, Locks, Hinges, Pocket and Table Knives, Files, Grass Scythes, Grain Scythes and Cradles, Saws, Steel Plows and a full line of Staple Hardware as cheap as the cheapest.

HATS.

We buy them in large quantities by the solid case which enables us to sell them for less money than the same goods can be bought elsewhere from parties not buying to same advantage.

SHOES AND BOOTS.

We make these a specialty, and in addition to a full line of other makes we have increased our assortment of the celebrated BAY STATE SHOES AND BOOTS. Also have a splendid assortment of T. MILES' SON'S Men's and Ladies' fine Shoes. There are no equals to these Shoes. We have the control of them in this market and sell them very low. Our Men's RANDOLPH $2.00 Shoes are the best home-made Calf Skin Shoes for the money we have ever seen.

We have in stock Children's Shoes of every good style from 25 cents to $2.00 per pair, Misses' from 60 cents to $3.00 per pair, Ladies, including Slippers, Oxford Ties, Cloth Gaiters and Foxed Gaiters from 75 cents to $5.50 per pair, Boys' and Men's Shoes from 60 cents to $7.50 per pair, Boots $1.00 to $6.00 per pair

We Have in Stock more than 5,000 Pair.

MEN'S GOODS.

Cloths, Cassimeres, Jeans, Cottonades, Drills, Shirtings, Gauze and Dress Shirts, Collars, Half Hose, Suspenders, and a full line of furnishing goods.

FRIES' Jeans, Cottonades, Cotton Yarn, Bed Laps Arista Sheeting. EAGLE & PHŒNIX Jeans, Cottonades, Tickings, Shirtings and Ball Sewing Cotton, CEDAR FALLS Sheeting. L. B. & L. S. HOLT'S Plaids, J. & P. COAT'S Spool Cotton and many other goods at factory prices

EXCELSIOR COOK STOVES the best, for sale only by us.

LADIES GOODS.

Very large stock of NEW DRESS GOODS of every description, Trimmings, Hosiery, Summer Underwear, Corsets, Gloves, and a full line of NOTIONS at prices lower than you can buy them elsewhere.

WE CALL ESPECIAL ATTENTION TO OUR LINE OE CASHMERES, being wholesale buyers we buy in larger quantities than any of our competitors and get greater advantages in our purchases. Our expenses in this department are less than those of any other house, all of which enables us to sell at very low prices. The Ladies are cordially invited to examine our goods and prices.

FERTILIZERS.

STAR BRAND SPECIAL TOBACCO MANURE for growing fine Tobacco, STAR BRAND GUANO for Tobacco, Corn, Oats, Cotton, Wheat and Vegetables. There is no equal to the STAR BRAND SPECIAL TOBACCO MANURE. There is more fine tobacco grown from the use of it than is grown by the use of all its competitors. In the field, in the curing, in the color, in the weight and in the price on the warehouse floor, its superior quality is fully demonstrated. We have known a number of instances this year where the tobacco grown from the use of one sack sold from $200 to $350. The fine tobacco is all that pays the farmer to grow and the STAR BRAND SPECIAL is the best fertilizer made for producing this grade. STANDARD FULLY GUARANTEED, prices lower than last year.

NO CHANGE IN TERMS.

Knowing by experience that it is better for us and for our customers we have adopted the cash system in our retail departments and sell goods at a very small margin of profit ONLY FOR CASH OR SALEABLE COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Come and see us, examine and price our goods.

Yours very truly,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

24th 1886.

WE DON'T SAY MUCH,

But we merely want the people to try us.

J. HOFFLIN & CO.,

TWIN CITY

CLOTHING HOUSE,

CORNER STORE, GRAY BLOCK.

FINE MEN'S CLOTHING

FINE YOUTH'S CLOTHING!

AND

BOYS' CLOTHING,

FROM ONE DOLLAR UP.

CORNER STORE, GRAY BLOCK.

TWIN CITY

CLOTHING

HOUSE.

OF

J. HOFFLIN & CO.,

CORNER STORE,

GRAY BLOCK.

J. HOFFMAN'S

NEW DRY GOODS STORE.

——JUST RECEIVED——

FROM AUCTION:

FIFTY [50] PIECES

OF STRAW MATTING,

From $5.00 a Piece of 40 Yards and Upwards.

J. HOFFMAN.

Winston, N. C., May 6, 1886.

M. W. NORFLEET. J. S. SCALES.

PIEDMONT WAREHOUSE,

WINSTON, N. C.

For the Sale of Leaf Tobacco.

Main building 190x60 with an M 40x70, containing 14,300 square feet floor room. Basement under warehouse for storage and handling both planters and shippers Tobacco. The building, unlike any other in the city, has both sky lights and side lights with more than three thousand (3,000) panes of glass, thereby admitting the bright rays of sun light which shows the golden leaf to best advantage, and insuring for it the

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE.

Two additional Camp-Rooms have been added, making a more and comfortable room for planters. New stalls have been built making ample accomodation for stock.

We extend a hearty welcome to all, both old and new customers, and promise renewed efforts for their interest.

Personal attention given to the sale of every parcel of Tobacco whether planter or shipper be present or absent. Our Leaf Dealers and Manufacturers will handle many millions of pounds this season and the Winston market will be equal to any in liberal prices. We would advise the marketing of a portion of the best, and brightest grades of the crop during winter, and early spring, retaining the common and greenish grades until later in the season—when the demand may be greater.

H. J. CRUTE, as Auctioneer, has no superior in the city. W. A. WEBSTER, of Rockingham, Floor Manager, looks well to your interest. J. M. JESSUP, Assistant Floor Manager, is always glad to see you. JNO. R. TAYLOR and ED. STRAYHORN on sale with book and statement, make quick the count on each parcel as sold. W. LONG, of Yadkin, marks the tag that tells the price. S. T. NEAL passes out promptly your check that draws the cash at Vaughn & Pepper's.

WHEN YOU ARE READY COME TO PIEDMONT.

Your Friends,

M. W. NORFLEET & CO.

No. 16–3m.

HARDWARE.

McCormick
MOWERS & REAPERS.
Clipper and F. F.
PLOWS.
Hoes, Traces,
Hames, &c.

MACHINERY
of all kinds.
ENGINES & BOILERS.
Mill Supplies,
Belting and Oils.
Corn and Flour Mills

HARNESS,
of all styles.
Manufactured by us
and Guaranteed
1st CLASS.
Patent Riveted Collars.

A Large Line of COOK STOVES, PAINTS, OILS, &c.

☞ Special attention to Wholesale Trade. Come and see us, or write for prices.

BROWN, ROGERS & CO., Winston, N. C.

Mar 25–3m

THE CHEAPEST YET!!

GOOD CALICOES at 3¾ cents per yard. DRESS LAWNS at 3¾ cents per yard.
HOMESPUNS at 4½ cents per yard. SHOES from 50 cents per pair up.

CLOTHING AT NEW YORK PRICES.

TRUNKS, VALISES, &c., AT NEW YORK PRICES.

HATS FROM 5 CENTS EACH UP.

and everything else CHEAP in proportion. We have just opened in the North Store Room of the NEW BUXTON & SHELTON BLOCK.

WE DEFY COMPETITION

and stand to it that you can't buy Goods as CHEAP elsewhere, and invite you to come AT ONCE, as our Goods are GOING OFF RAPIDLY at the above figures.

Very respectfully,

May 27–3m. J. W. DAVIS & CO.

IN MEMORY OF

DON'T

BUY YOUR

TOMBSTONES,

UNTIL YOU SEE

I. W. DURHAM,

WINSTON, N. C.

DESIGNS MAILED FREE.

No. 17.—3m.

BROWN'S WAREHOUSE,

THE LEADING HOUSE

In the Winston Market for 14 Years.

——OFFERS YOU——

The very best light for showing Tobacco.
The best of accommodations.
The coolest House in Summer.
Good handling for your Tobacco.
The best of Auctioneers.
Close attention to every parcel when being sold.
Guarantees the highest market prices.

YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME!

day or night and whether first or last sale,

DRIVE TO BROWN'S.

Yours Truly,

BROWN & CARTER.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10 1886.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—N. W. N. C. R. R.

No. 9	Leaves Salem,	6.30 a. m.
" 10	Arrives "	11.25 a. m.
" 11	Leaves "	6.55 p. m.
" 12	Arrives "	1.17 a. m.

—The High Point Bank is now in operation.

—Hard rains Monday. It has been raining, more or less, nearly every day recently.

—Messrs. Henry Shaffner and Henry Starbuck have returned from college at Chapel Hill.

—Miss Mattie Bodenhamer, of High Point, is paying Mrs. C. R. Weltare, a two week's visit.

—Misses Anna Barnard, of Danville, and Ellie Alexander, of Charlotte, are visiting Miss Minnie Vogler.

—Messrs. Giersh, Senseman & Co., have a very handsome delivery wagon, manufactured by F. C. Meinung, of this place.

—The gross proceeds of the promenade concert given by the Salem Literary Society Saturday night amounted to $105.

—Rev. C. L. Rights, at the recent Moravian Conference, was re-appointed and accepted the pastorate of Kernersville church.

—Noah Kimel made up a club of seven for buying mowing machines, and they saved $35 in the purchase, by clubbing. They were bought at Lexington, N. C.

—R. E. Reich started for his home in Texas, last Saturday. We learn that Mr. Reich enjoyed his visit among us very much, and is well pleased with this section of country.

WANTED AT ONCE

200 cords good cord wood for which the highest market price will be paid, at the

SALEM IRON WORKS,
Salem, N. C.

—Among the officers of the Dental Association chosen at the late meeting for the ensuing year, is Dr. J. W. Hunter, of this place, treasurer, and one of the executive committee. Morehead City is the next place of meeting, next June.

—While Dr. Siewers was driving down Main street, Salem, Friday afternoon, one of the spindles of his buggy broke, letting the back part of the vehicle to the ground. Fortunely the Dr. and his driver received no injury.—*Daily.*

—A Steamer for our fire company is now a certainty. On Tuesday evening there was a meeting called in the Commissioner's Hall, by the citizens of the western part of Salem for the purpose of organizing a fire company for their mutual protection, the commissioners having offered them the old R. and R. engine, Knowing the disadvantages they have in regard to water supply and length of time it would take to get a supply from Main or Elm Street for the large engine, the company was formed and arrangements will be made to have the engine removed as soon as possible.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

—There will be a full crop of blackberries this summer.

—Oats are looking well. The rains of late have been favorable to their growth.

—Thomas Beard, of Midway, has made a fish pond and stocked it with carp.

—Julius M. Nifong, Midway Township, will soon go to Georgia to sell books.

—A number of persons went fishing on last Thursday, (Ascension day,) but we have not heard of any one who caught many fish. The truth of the matter is, there are but few fish in our creeks.

—It was the pleasure of your correspondent to attend the closing exercises of the "Southern Normal" at Lexington, on last Thursday. Twelve completed the course, and received certificates of graduation. The orations, essays and music were all very good.

—A great deal of new hay is already being taken to market. Most of it is rather dusty, but purchasers need not expect to find much clean hay this crop. The crop of hay is light on the meadows, but farmers want to get it off before harvest comes in.

—B. F. and Andrew Beckerdite have used 33 sacks of fertilizer since they commenced sowing wheat. They used seven sacks in their corn. They follow what they use on wheat, with clover, and consequent- they make a success. By means of clover they are improving their land, besides obtaining an increased yield of grain.

—The citizens of Lexington feel somewhat elated over the idea that Lexington is shortly to have a magnificent cotton factory. We are told by some of them that Mr. — Holt will spend many thousands of dollars in building this factory. The Holts are natural born factory men, and whenever they understake to build a factory, it is certain to be a success. Such an enterprise will be the means of building up Lexington to a material extent.

—Wheat in the vicinity of Lexington is not looking near as well as usual, some of it being very sorry. Much of it is badly affected with rust, and there is also much complaint that the scab is doing great damage to some fields There does not seem to be as much tobacco planted in this part of Davidson as was last year. We noticed a few fields of cotton, but farmers are generally paying less attention to cotton and tobacco, and paying more attention to the cultivation of grain. We are told that the same thing can be said of other parts of the county. We are glad people have learned that they must raise more grain.

—Cut worms have been doing much damage to tobacco plants. Some have replanted for the fourth time, and have not a full stand yet. A tobacco raiser says that these worms will quit their depredations during the early part of June A farmer says he paid $4.50 for a bed of plants, and set them out, and there are not over one hundred of these now living.

—Some one shot and killed Emanuel Smith's milk cow one day last week, while she was grazing in Mr. Smith's pasture. It was no doubt a wilful act, as it is not reasonable that it was by accident. We are in hope that the guilty party will be detected, and receive such punishment as the crime deserves. The cow was worth about $30.

—Last fall, Thomas Beard, of Midway, built a novel fruit house. He first built a small frame house on top of the ground, and then inclosed this with another frame house so that the space between the inner and the outside houses was a little over one foot. He packed saw dust in this space, and put a double cover over it, putting on top of the first cover a thick layer of saw dust with a small opening in the middle of the top for the escape of moisture. This aperture was kept closed during severe cold. He made shelves in the house, and placed apples &c. on these shelves. He used his last apples out of this house a few days ago. He also kept pumkins and potatoes in it all the winter.

—One day last week, while the family of John Eller, Sr., of Davidson county, was just starting from home to a neighbor's house, a tramp came up and offered to sell Mrs. Eller some goods She told him she was going from home, and did not want to buy anything. He went off a short way, and when the family left he entered the house through a window and stole Mr. Eller's watch. At this time a neighbor lady came to the house, and he made his escape through the window, dropping the watch on the sofa. This is the second time the same watch has been stolen by tramps. These characters have become a nuisance in this part of Davidson, and people would be glad to get rid of their unwelcome visits.

Local Option.

At the election held on Monday, Winston went for prohibition by 69 majority. and Salem 29 majority. Majority for prohibition in the township, 98. The result was rather a surprise to everybody. The colored population voted largely for prohibition. The official vote is as follows:

WINSTON PRECINCT.—No License, 377; License, 308. Total, 685. Majority for no license, 69.

SALEM PRECINCT.—No License, 129; License, 100. Total, 229 Majority for no license, 29.

Total vote in township, 914. Majority for no license in township 99.

The law was in force on Tuesday morning.

KERNERSVILLE.—No License, 100; License, 110; Scatering, 1. Total, 211. Majority for license, 10.

The following are the results elsewhere:

WENT DRY.—Raleigh, Concord, Oxford, Kinston, Henderson, Warrenton, Louisburg, Apex, Beaufort.

WENT WET.—Charlotte, Asheville, Statesville, Goldsboro, Durham, Franklinton, Reidsville, Morehead City, Holly Springs, Littleton.

Meeting of County Commissioners and Magistrates.

A large number of pauper claims were allowed, amounting to $1,000.

An order was passed Monday authorizing J. P. Binkley to give out a contract for the construction of a new bridge across Ellison's creek at Craft & Harper's mills.

A stock law election was ordered for Lewisville township, to be held on the 10th of July next.

At the meeting of Magistrates the tax levy was agreed upon at 20 cents on the $100 valuation and 60 cents on the poll.

An election of County Commissioners was held, resulting in the re-election of two of the old board, A. E. Conrad and T. J. Valentine, and J. W. Fries in place of N. S. Cook.

A. I. Butner was re-elected County Superintendent of Public Instruction.

What is known as the alternative system of working the roads, which provides for working them partly by labor as now and by a special tax, was adopted by a vote of 20 to 19, the third time this matter has been before the Magistrates—having been previously twice beaten.

—*Progressive Farmer.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

KERNERSVILLE LETTER.

Messrs. Editors:—Our *Local Option* election came off yesterday and defeated by *nine* votes, and that was because some weak-kneed christians did not vote at all. Rev. Sandy Ring came down with his cohorts "as wolves in the fold," and every nerve was strained to the utmost on the part of the license party; but while they beat us, they did not seem to be very jubilant over their success. Five years ago they beat us five to one, and this time they got it, but it was like the Dutchman's getting to heaven, "*by a mighty tight squeeze.*"

I must say a good word for the respectable part of the colored people;—they rallied for local option to a man; and if some white people would have done their duty, we would have it to-day. Well, some folks will have the chance to drink *mean whiskey* another year, and perhaps it will kill them off, and we will get local option for all *after that.*

The vote stood Local Option, 101.
License, - - - - 110.

C. L. R.

Kernersville, June 8th, 1886.

—The following is the schedule of sales at Brown's Warehouse for the ensuing week:

Wednesday,	9,	First	Sale.
Thursday,	10,	Fourth	"
Friday,	11,	Third	"
Saturday,	12,	Second	"
Monday,	14,	First	"
Tuesday,	15,	Fourth	"
Wednesday,	16,	Third	"

Murder and Lynching in Davidson.

On Friday evening last, near Piney Meeting House, Boone township, Davidson county, A. J. McBride and wife were brutally murdered at their own hearthstone, and the house fired to conceal the foul deed. During the evening several pistol shots were heard by the neighbors. Mr. McBride was at Bridge Post-office on Friday to list his taxable property, including some $200 in money. The same day Alfred Long, a negro in the employ of McBride, bought a pistol in Lexington.

During the night the negro Long gave an alarm of fire, but before help came the roof of the house had fallen in. On Saturday morning Long helped to search for the bodies, and portions of them were found and taken out, among them the skull of McBride, with a hole in it about the size of a pistol cartridge, which upon examination afterwards proved the size of Long's cartridges. These circumstances with some conflicting stories told by Long at the fire, caused his arrest.

During the examination, near the scene of the murder, Long's wife testified that he had told her that he had shot and killed McBride and wife, and fired the house. Long acknowledged buying the pistol but said that Rans. Hairston did the shooting. Hairston was arrested but denied everything, and for want of sufficient evidence was released.

About 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon and during the examination of Hairston, Long was hung to a tree near the roadside, in the presence of some two hundred people.

Long implicated his wife in the burning of the house, but she denied it. Later evidence against Hairston caused a warrant to be issued for his arrest. It is said Long confessed killing two of his children several years since.

Mr. and Mrs. McBride were respectable white citizens.

—A list of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., for the week ending June 5th, 1886:

Ladies.

Miss Polly Hairston, Mrs. Lizzie Lewellyn, Miss Hattie Rodd, Miss M. L. Reed, Mrs. Isabella Sandy, Miss H. E. Shields, Pattie Stipe, Marrie Turner, Miss Carmelar Ward.

Gentlemen.

Mr. Albert Brendle, Mr. Pleas Bolin, Mr. C. C. Bodenhamer, Mr. S. H. Hege, Mr. Alfred B. Kelly, Mr. W. J. Rominger, Mr. H. A. Swaim, Mr. James Write.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for advertised letters.

If not called for within one month they will be sent to the dead letter office.

T. B. DOUTHIT, P. M.

Sow Peas and Wheat.

Star Brand Guano for Grain and Grass crops, kept in stock all the time. We are now having a large quantity made especially for the wheat crop this fall and expect to make it to the interest of every farmer to use it on his wheat crop.

HINSHAW & BYNUM.
Winston, N. C., May 8, 1886.

—The following is the schedule of first and second sales at Piedmont Warehouse for the month of June:

Friday,	11,	Second	Sale.
Saturday,	12,	First	"
Wednesday,	16,	Second	"
Thursday,	17,	First	"
Monday,	21,	Second	"
Tuesday,	22,	First	"
Friday,	25,	Second	"
Saturday,	26,	First	"
Wednesday,	30,	Second	"

An Enterprising Reliable House.

Dr. V. O. Thompson, Winston, Can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of the Throat, Lungs, and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

Go to the Cheap Variety Store for your Sugar, Coffee, Syrup and Molasses, Tobacco, Snuff and Cigars, and in fact an endless variety of articles usefull as well as ornamental for every household. Come and see me, and be convinced of the remarkable low prices at which we are selling. The five and ten cent counter is still holding the fort. Remember the place one door north of Dr. Shaffner's Drug Store, Main St., Salem, N. C.

Star Brand Special Tobacco Manure.

Being only 24 hours by freight from the factory, we will continue to receive supplies of this celebrated fertilizer up to the 15th of this month. It will grow Tobacco with small stalks, small fibres, large leaves with good body, yellows on the hill, cures easily, retains its color, weighs well, is always sought after and commands the highest prices on the warehouse floor.

HINSHAW & BYNUM.
Winston, N. C., June 1, 1885.

TAX LISTING.

Notice is hereby given to the taxpayers of Winston township that I will attend at the Courthouse, Winston from Monday, June 14th to Saturday June 19th.

Cool Spring Schoolhouse Monday, June 21.
Belo House, Salem, Tuesday, June 22.
Town Hall, Salem, Wednesday " 23.
" " Thursday " 24.
At Courthouse, Winston, till July 3rd, to list the taxable property and polls of the township.

C. B. BROOKS, Tax Lister.

GENERAL NEWS.

GATHERED FROM HOME AND ABROAD

—The colony of Southerners who left for Brazil at the close of the late war now numbers about 500 souls. They are settled in the interior, 400 miles from Rio Janeiro, where they have a track of land about fifteen miles square. Some of them hold slaves. They raise watermelons and cotton, and are in a general way quite prosperous, but need schools. Their English is getting rather inferior and somewhat mixed.

—The terrible drouth is at last broken in at least several sections of Texas. Copious rains set in last evening at Sherman, Denison, Henrietta, Weatherford, Wichita Falls, and other points in Northern Texas; at Waco and San Saba, in Central Texas and Houston in the South.

—The Ashville Advance states that the accident of last week, where by, a frieght train went through Mill Creek bridge, near Round Knob will cost the Western North Carolin in the neighborhood of $30,000.

—To keep insects out of bird-cages; tie up a little sulphur in a bag and suspend it in the cage. Red ants it is said, will never be found in a closet or drawer if a small bag of sulphur be kept in those places.

—The house of Isaac Kincaid, at Fellowship, Marion county, Fla., was burned last Friday. Three children aged six, four, and two years respectively, perished in the flames. Kincaid is under arrest for crimual negligence.

—The subscription raised for the families of the policemen killed and injured in Chicago by the dynamite bomb, now exceeds $70,000.

NEW YORK, June 2.—Herr Most, the anarchist, was to-day sentenced to the penitentiary for one year and was fined $500. His associate, Braunschweig, got nine months in the penitentiary and was fined $250. Schenck was sent to the penitentiary for nine months, but with no fine.

—The largest oil well in Ohio has been struck at a depth of 1,290 feet. The well is known as the "Algie" well. It is flowing at the rate of 240 barrels an hour.

—At Nashua, N. H., the funeral of Stillman S. Davis, Past Grand Chancellor of the world, Knights of Pythias, occurred Saturday afternoon. His wife who died the same hour, was buried with him.

—A dispatch from Tucson, Arizona, says that Gen, Miles has not offered a reward for the heads of the Indians on account of the War Department. The reward has been offered and the money raised by citiizins, who requested that it be paid through Gen. Miles.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's family in Winston, N. C., Miss SALLIE LEAK to DAVID FRALEY, of Lexington. Dr. J. T. Bagwell officiating.

DIED.

At his residence in Mocksville, on Friday night last, of consumption, J. M. CLEMENT, a very able and prominent lawyer.

At the "Kerner House," in Kernersville, June 7th, Miss IDA ROBERTSON, aged 17 years, 8 months and 19 days.

In Davidson county, on the 1st inst., near Midway church, Mrs. — BURKE, aged about 80 years.

In this place, on Monday night, infant child of Lewis Tesh.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

—For ELEGANT JEWELRY, in endless variety, go to BEVAN, the Jeweler, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—Trusses accurately fitted and satisfaction guaranteed at ASHCRAFT & OWEN'S, Druggists, Winston, N. C.

—Just opened a full line of ZIEGLER'S FINE SHOES for Ladies and Misses at J. HOFFMAN'S, Buxton & Shelton Block. A full line of Dryl Goods.

Large variety of Summer COATS and VESTS, consisting of SEARSUCKER, Black and Fancy ALAPACA, &c., at the *Baltimore Clothing House.*

—SOLID SILVER SPOONS and TRIPLE PLATED SILVERWARE, at bottom figures, for sale by J. BEVAN, Silversmith, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,
in large variety at the BALTIMORE CLOTHING HOUSE.

Baskets of all kinds cheap at Jacob Tise's in Winston.

Buy your Sugar at *Jacob Tise's,* for he has a great quntity of good sugar, and sells it *Cheap.*

NORFOLK SUITS! NORFOLK SUITS!! Different grades and price at the *Balto. Clothing House.* Don't ail to visit the place.

CHILDREN'S NORFOLK SUITS in large variety at the *Baltimore Clothing House.*

Jacob Tise has a full line of *Hats* for men, women and children, all of which he is selling *Cheap for Cash.*

—For Artist's Tube Colors, Brushes and Artist's Materials of all kinds, go to ASHCRAFT & OWENS, Druggists, Winston, N. C.

Krinkles from 8 to 15 cents at *Jacob Tise's.*

Lawns in great quantities and cheap, at *Jacob Tise's.*

Albatross Cloth, all wool, and forty inches wide, at 50 cents a yard at JACOB TISE'S. The regular price of this goods is 75 cents.

A job lot of *Skirt Braid* at JACOB TISE'S, 3 bunches for 10 cents. It costs generally 10 cents a bunch.

—Largest Stock of Ladies and Gents Gold and Silver WATCHES, at J. BEVAN, Watchmaker, 55 Main Street, Winston, N. C.

GENT'S FINE FURNISHINGS at the BALTIMORE CLOTHING HOUSE. Don't fail to visit the place.

—CLOCKS of all kinds and WALKING CANES, at BEVAN'S Jewelry Store, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Rubber frames, to suit all Eyes, you will find at BEVAN'S, the Optician, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—If you want your WATCHES CLOCKS and JEWELRY REPAIRED by skilled workmen, and ENGRAVING and LETTERING done by *practical Engravers,* go to J. BEVAN Watchmaker and Jeweler, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

Clocks cheap at *Jacob Tise's.*

—For Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Articles, go to ASHCRAFT & OWENS, Druggists, Winston, N. C.

LOOK AT THIS.

Jacob Tise with one price would beG
All who believe in fair dealing tO
Come and see his large stock. NO
One treated impartially. Goods haD
By all on the same fair termS

True merit in goods is his logiC
In fact he deals in goods sucH
Such selections that all may examinE
Every article. A very wrong ideA
Some have is, inferior goods cheaP

Only first class goods, made oF
Nothing but best materials ought tO
Enter the mind of every purchaseR

Part that is in his store rooM
Red kerosene oil 25 cents, tobaccO
In great quantity and cheap, bacoN
Cheap as anywhere else, and coffeE
Every price from 8 cents (up) to twentY

Shoes made a specialty and besT
Trunks, traveling bags, valises, superioR
Oils for machinery and harness, sodA
Rare bargains in Ladies' gloves-kiD
Extra from thirty-five cents to forty-fivE

Wooden, glass and tin ware cheaP
Iron and steel tools for the farmeR
Nails, horse shoes, rakes, etc., calicO
Sheeting, jeans, woolen goods anD
The best quality of gent's pants YoU
Ought to examine his stock. EnergetiC
Neighborly salesmen are in his storE

No one neglected by them, visitors &
Customers highly respected. Go buy, &C

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by Dr. V. O. Thompson, Winston, N. C.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Rome, Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for 2 years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always.

Sold by Dr. V. O. Thompson, Winston.

NOTICE

Is hereby given to the tax-payers of South Fork Township, that I will meet them at the following times and places, for the purpose of receiving a list of their taxable property for the year 1886:

At Adam Nifong's, on Wednesday, the 9th of June.

At Ben Hampton's, on Thursday, the 10th of June.

At Winston, on Friday, the 11th of June.

At my residence on Saturday, the 12th of June.

JOHN E. FAW,
List-taker.

Forsyth County, June 2, 1886.

COFFINS!!

CASKETS,

BURIAL ROBES, &c.

A full and complete line of the above Goods, always on hand, which I will sell CHEAPER than any house in this city. In addition to this department is my extensive

FURNITURE BUSINESS.

I have secured the services of the most experienced workmen, and have spared neither care nor money to prepare to fully meet the demands of all. I have an elegant HEARSE, and my entire stock is new and of the latest styles.

UPHOLSTERING A SPECIALTY.

I am still headquarters for FURNITURE and at prices that defy competition.

Bedsteads, Baby Carriages, Wardrobes, Sideboards, Parlor and Chamber Suits in Endless Variety. Also Crockery, Glassware, Decorated Dinner Sets, &c., Carpets, Oil Cloths, and Mattings

in endless variety. In fact if you need goods at botton prices call on

CICERO TISE.

May 20-6m.

THE NEW TWIN-CITY ART GALLERY,

Main Street, Winston, N. C.

HAS now been open since December, 1885, yet in that short time has so clearly proven the ability of Mr. E. K. HOUGH to make FIRST-CLASS WORK, that the united voice of Winston-Salem pronounces him the best artist ever here.

Mr. Hough not only makes CARDS, CABINETS and PANELS in all modern styles, but he also COPIES OLD PICTURES and makes PORTRAITS FROM LIFE, by a NEW and SUPERIOR PROCESS that ensures ACCURATE LIKENESS, ENTIRE PERMANENCE and ELEGANT ARTISTIC EFFECTS, making them worthy of the proudest homes, yet at prices so moderate all can afford them. No American home in this Artistic Age is well furnished without pictures on its walls. The best pictures are Family portraits that carry the family history, and testify to family affection and family pride.

Then do not fail to improve this unusual opportunity of Artist and Photographer combined to adorn your homes artistically and also honor the memory of loved ones gone, and leave a legacy to those who follow you, by having old pictures enlarged and new ones taken while Hough is here.

Hough will remain in Winston only until the last of June.

HOUGH,
Main Street, Winston-Salem.

15-3m.

N. W. N. C. Guide Book.

An illustrated edition of this popular pamphlet has just been issued. An appendix notices the late improvements in Salem and Winston, Price 25 cents.

Headquarters!

S. E. ALLEN,

CORNER 3rd AND MAIN STREETS, WINSTON, N. C.

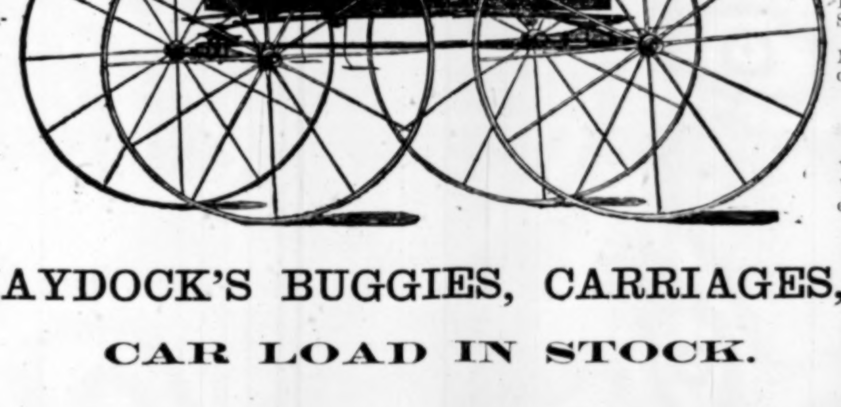
HARDWARE, CROCKERY, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

GLASSWARE, LAMPS, &c.

—AGENT FOR—

AGENT FOR

Champion Mowers, Reapers and Binders,
Farmer's Favorite Grain Drill,
Farmer Girl Cook Stove,
Fairbank's Standard Scales,
Longman and Martinez strictly pure prepared Paints,
King's Great Western Powder Company's Powder.
Hercules Powder or Dynamite,
Leader Corn Shellers,
Victor Cane Mills,
Cardwell Threshers and Horse Powers,
Farmer Friend Plows, &c.



STOCK

Consists of a full and complete line of all goods usually kept in a first-class

HARDWARE AND CROCKERY STORE.

Iron, Nails, Horse and Mule Shoes, Steel Plows, Glass, Paints, Putty, Oils, Varnishes, &c. Carriage and Wagon Makers Tools and Material, Builders Tools, Material and Hardware, Locks, Hinges, Butts, Screws, Sash, Doors, Blinds, &c.

Pistols, Guns, Ammunition, Fish Hooks, Nets, &c. Farmers, Blacksmith and Mechanics Tools.

CROCKERY.

China, Dinner and Tea Sets, Porcelain White Granite, Iron Stone China, C. C Ware, Glass Ware, Lamps, Wicks, Burners, &c.

T. T. HAYDOCK'S BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, &c., &c.

CAR LOAD IN STOCK.

EVERYTHING

NEW, BRIGHT and ATTRACTIVE,

IN OUR

MEN'S, YOUTH'S, BOYS'

—AND—

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

With gratifying pride we are pleased to invite the especial attention of Parents and others to the extensive and liberal preparations just completed in our **MEN'S, YOUTHS', BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT** for the Spring season of 1886. Not only have we exerted our best efforts to make this department the popular resort of Parents and all interested in the economic purchase of BOYS' and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, but we offer decidedly the LARGEST and BEST assorted stock ever displayed in this city, from which to make satisfactory selections.

In all Popular and attractive

Men's, Youth's, Boys'

—AND—

Spring Styles Children's Clothing.

We mention among our splendid assortment of

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,

Handsome and complete line KILT SUITINGS, Combination Suits, Jersey Bloose and Kilted Skirts, ages 2½ to 4½ years Single Pants, in Cassimeres, Cheviotts, &c. Fine Sawyer Cassimere Suitings, Body Fitting Plaited Jackets. New light shades for Spring wear. Creedmoor Norfolk Suits in all new Spring Styles.

It is our determination to maintain the Highest Standard of General Excellence in everything appertaining to our Boys' and Children's Department. In addition to the many designs originating with ourselves and adopted by other concerns of this city; we shall offer our patrons the full benefit of our exclusive exertion in securing for them the correct and prevailing styles as originated by the leading manufacturers of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other noted markets, and from time to time throughout the season we shall introduce new Styles, new Goods and new Ideas, from which parents may obtain the most reliable information regarding the customes best and most appropriately adapted for children's wear.

We have also a full line of GENTS' FURNISHINGS of all the Leading Styles, Collars, Scarfs, Shirts, White and Colored. Don't fail to visit the place.

BALTIMORE CLOTHING HOUSE,

"TEMPLE OF FASHION,"

M. M. STEIN, Proprietor.

MAIN STREET, WINSTON, N. C.

THE HOME OF BIG SNAKES.

EPISODES IN AN ARTIST'S VISIT TO ZULULAND.

The Boa Constrictor and the Apes—Killing the Big Snake—The Monkeys' Picnic.

The following interesting extract is from an artist's account of his adventures in South Africa, published in the San Francisco *Examiner*: This is a place for serpents and all kinds of snakes. Here in the cool nights the little green monkeys take shelter in the thick foliage of the tropical vegetation, locked in each other's arms like brothers and sisters. But how often is their sleep disturbed by a sudden clasp in the jaws of a boa constrictor or black mumbra, who noiselessly creep upon their innocent victims along the branches and seize them before they have time to awaken. Owing to the deadly malarial effects of these "dongas" or hollows, the natives in their hunting excursions give them a wide berth.

Speaking of monkeys brings to mind a very humorous incident. One day, being on the edge of the berg, sketching a grand view of the mountain, looking along the edge my attention was attracted toward a number of baboons that were frisking about among the rocks. As the animals are very shy, I remained perfectly quiet and went on with my painting, but hoping that they might come nearer. Being thus engaged, partly with the landscape and partly with the baboons, what should I see in the long grass but an immense boa-constrictor. He seemed at least twenty feet long and one foot in diameter. He was crawling along toward the baboons, and I watched the result with intense interest. No sooner did his snakeship show his head above the long grass than the animals scampered off in a second. Talk about the agility of prairie dogs and ground squirrels! No one would imagine that these fellows, big and clumsy as they seemed, could disperse so quickly. The serpent seemed just as quick, for with a few springs on his tail he seemed to be among them, but he did not succeed in capturing any of them. Snatching up my shot gun, I was determined to have that serpent's skin. I went up to the place where he disappeared behind the rocks. There he was, about a hundred yards away, crawling slowly along the edge of the precipice. I was gaining steadily on him, but did not like to run for fear of alarming him—starting him into a run, as it were, either from me or toward me. I wanted to make sure of him without giving him a chance, if I could help it. I was always a coward when fighting rattle-snakes in Mendocino County; but this whopper, twenty feet long, made me quake in my boots worse than if there were fifty snakes hidden there.

After following him some time he stopped crawling; he raised his body on a rock, and, turning his face toward me, saw me. I was within range of him with heavy shot. Bang! bang! went both barrels. The stock of my gun kicked me affectionately, and, when the smoke cleared away the serpent was not in sight. Reloading my piece, I advanced cautiously, with my finger on the trigger all the while. When I got to the spot there lay my victim, twisting and tying himself up in a knot and unraveling it again with lightning-like rapidity. Then he stretched himself out at his full length, and, raising himself upon his tail, bounded into the air several times, making a circle of sixteen or eighteen feet at every jump, till at last, with a mighty effort, he bounded again, and fell to the earth with a crash. He was dead, past all danger to man or beast! He weighed at least 100 pounds. My next anxiety was as to how I could get that beautifully colored skin. He was on the very edge of the precipice. A final spasm of the lingering life that clings so tenaciously to the snake tribe might destroy my hopes. I could only sit and wait. It was fully an hour before I had the courage to commence the skinning, and after considerable labor I succeeded. When he was skinned he looked so white and clean that a person could be tempted to eat him. There were no Kaffirs around or they would make short work of him. They will not kill a snake or serpent if they can avoid it. They have a kind of superstitious reverence for them, especially for the larger kind. But when a white man kills one they readily eat it all except the head, which they believe to be poisonous.

When I got back to my easel, chair and umbrella, I was nearly dumbfounded at seeing the same tribe of baboons playing high jinks with my painting materials. Two little fellows were up among the ribs of the umbrella, and another had his head out through a rent in the top. He looked like a little sweep with his head through the chimney on a frosty morning. It was one of the most comical things in the monkey line I ever witnessed. One big baboon was exploring with all his might the contents of a box of flake white, while another was daubing the muzzle of a little baby that was sitting on its mother's back, she herself being engaged in breaking the handles and pulling out the hairs of my brushes. I never, in any monkey cage or menagerie, saw so many different colored monkeys. One big fellow, half red, half blue, with a great white patch over his left eye, was pulling the canvas (now twisted into a rope) from a big old woman, with two squalling baby monkeys with white muzzles and pink hair. Half a dozen others were fighting for the easel like sailors playing the "tug of war." The whole business was too much for me. So, laying down my serpent's skin, I opened fire on them. Then came the humorous part of the whole scene. Talk of scampering. The family opened out, running to all points of the compass. Baboons in green, yellow, pink, purple, scarlet, white with black spots, and black with yellow and every color spots! Such a variety of uniforms you never saw. Big fellows, four feet high; little fellows, crying and squalling for their mothers, mothers looking and crying for their babies. I had to stand and laugh till my sides were sore.

The excitement over, I went up to clear the wreck. The umbrella was broken and torn past all repairs; colors were smeared upon everything; oil cans bitten and indented; canvas, brushes, everything utterly ruined. If you can imagine the undivided attention of a band of two hundred baboons, for about two hours, to the limited space occupied by an artist's kit, you will have some idea of what the ruin was which I have attempted to describe. I need not say that I was so disgusted with my bargain in the serpent's skin that I was tempted to throw it over the cliffs. Nothing was worth carrying from the wreck but the chair, which was too strong for them to break up. The easel was broken and bitten all over, and looked as if it had been made out of a tree afflicted with small-pox.

Effect of Mind on Neuralgia.

Joe Emmet, the actor, says: "I have recently become a convert to the Boston science of mind-cure. I was converted to it by my wife, who has studied the subject earnestly and is a firm believer in the power of the will as a healing and conquering influence. She is herself a living illustration of the efficacy of the will not only in curing but in preventing ailments. For a long time she had been subject to neuralgic attacks, and found no relief until the mind-cure was suggested to her. She did not go to any school or professor of the science, but merely studied and read the subject and evolved a process which consists, I believe, in merely placing the strength of her will against the approach of the ailment. She is a woman of great will power, and when she makes up her mind that she don't want anything to do with neuralgia, neuralgia has got to stay away, and it does. Yaw, dot's so."

Two Kentucky Desperadoes.

"Alf. Underwood," said a Congressman from Kentucky, "was one of the smoothest desperadoes that ever stole a horse or robbed a traveler in the mountains of the old commonwealth. He was the famous Jesse's brother, and looked the fiend he was, while Jesse looked the angel and was worse than Alf. On one occasion Alf. forged an order for $30 on a relative in Bath County. The order was protested and Alf. was arrested. He made the man he imposed on go his bail, and that same night he and Jesse stole a horse apiece and left for Virginia. One of the horses gave out next day and they left it at a farm house, with money enough to have it taken back to the owner, whose name they gave to the farmer, and to whom they told that the horse had been borrowed. They then put out through Virginia, Jesse on foot and some distance behind. The officers in pursuit came on them in this condition, and capturing Jesse, they had a comparatively easy time in getting Alf. On the way back Jesse made an attempt to escape, and he was shot in the back with a musket ball and so badly wounded that he was left in jail in the next county town the party reached. Alf. was taken on to Owingsville, Ky., and jailed. He stayed there some time, and one day a younger brother tied a revolver to a pole, and hoisting it up to the window, Alf. took it and prepared to leave his confinement. When the jailor came around with the prisoner's supper he was confronted with the muzzle of the shooter, and having nothing else to do, surrendered. Alf. made him stay in the cell with him until he had eaten his supper, and then he locked the jailor up and went forth a free man.

"He stole a couple of horses that night and put off post-haste to the jail where his brother Jesse had been recovering, and appearing before the sheriff, armed and equipped, showed his papers (forged) as a constable and demanded the prisoner. The sheriff told him Jesse was well enough to travel, and he was anxious to have him sent where he belonged. He told the pseudo constable that he was a very dangerous man, however, and that he would send a deputy or two along to assist in his safe transfer. Alf. told him that he was not afraid of anything that ever wore shoe leather, and felt perfectly able to take the scoundrel back to justice without assistance. The sheriff finally agreed to let him have the prisoner, and with a few dire threats to Jesse, who was meekly submissive as to what would be his fate in case he made any attempt to get away, Alf. put him on the extra horse, and with the repeated cautions of the sheriff ringing in his ears he rode away with his prisoner. On the edge of the town Alf. transferred a couple of revolvers to his brother, braced him up with a drink and the two desperadoes rode merrily back to Kentucky and for a long time after that held high carnival in the hills. These two brothers were afterward the leaders in the famous 'Underwood War' in the State, and Jesse died with his boots on, while Alf., if he lives, is in exile and cannot bear the weight of his own name."—*Washington Star.*

The Streets of Canton.

The streets of Canton are unique in their way and as picturesque as the Cairo bazaars.

"The winding alleys, barely six feet wide, are paved with blocks of granite, and have been built without regard to regularity or uniformity, striking off into and running away from each other at the most unexpected junctures.

Canton is a city of shops, and overhead are suspended thousands of long, narrow signboards, on which are inscribed, in gold, crimson, green, black, white or brown Chinese characters, the names of owners and their trades. These shops give the street a very showy aspect, and make a long vista of gaudy coloring, underneath which swarm the two and a half millions of inhabitants, surging through the narrow avenues in a way that makes one wonder that half of them are not trampled under foot.

"As we were borne aloft in state in the midst of this dense throng," says a lady who recently visited the city, "our approach heralded by the loud cries of our coolie-bearers bidding the natives make way, and responded to by the peculiar, shrill shrieks of the people unceremoniously being hustled out of the way, I had ample opportunity of observing my novel surroundings, as varied and shifting as the combinations of a kaleidoscope, and far more entertaining.

"After leaving the suburbs (so called, but really a part of Canton), we entered the new city by an arched gateway, and passed between high blank walls, each side lined with stalls of fruit and sweetmeat sellers till we came to the loftier and more important shops of the rich merchant, which are perfect bazaars.

"Usually one story is completely open to the roof during the daytime, showing a gorgeous background of richly carved and gilt wood-work, behind which extends for a considerable distance the warehouse and dwelling.

"Here are to be seen all the specialties of Canton, each trade or business in its own street or locality.

"We saw magnificently wrought crepe shawls, rich embroideries on satin, silk brocades, all hand-work (nothing in China is machine-made), carved black furniture, the finest ivory carvings in the world, feather and silk fans, Jade stones and a wealth of artistic work in a dozen other directions that would have bewildered a house-furnishing English or American æsthete.

"The cheap shops, with their heterogeneous and amazing wares, were most amusing. They contained lanterns, clocks, mirrors, bamboo blinds and baskets, marble slabs, shoes, caps, spectacles, artificial flowers, beads, tobacco, coffins and joss-sticks, all displayed promiscuously in preparation for the Chinese New Year, the 18th of February.

"At the end of each street is usually a small joss-altar, and always a heavy wooden gateway."—*Youth's Companion.*

Queer Animals in Japan.

Some of the animals in Japan are quite different from the same species which are seen in America. The cats, for instance, have the shortest kind of tails, or else none at all. Being deprived of this usual plaything, they are very solemn pussies. An American once took one of these tailless cats to San Francisco as a curiosity, and it utterly refused companionship with the long-tailed feline specimens there; but finding a cat whose tail had been cut off by accident, the two became friendly at once. Japanese dogs are almost destitute of noses, having the nostrils set directly in the head. The smaller the nose the more valuable the breed. The gold fish of that country have remarkably wide and beautiful tails, which look like lace. It is said that a thousand dollars was offered by a New York gentleman for the first pair that could be brought to that city alive, but repeated attempts have proved that the fish cannot stand the voyage across the Pacific.

A Perilous Ornament.

A young lady who lives in Chicago,
Much desired to have her dear ma go
And buy her a bird of gay feather
To wear on her head in fair weather.
She put the fine bird on her bonnet,
With other gay fixings upon it,
And in circles of fashion she flirted,
And many a heart disconcerted.
But one morning she met an old rooster—
A fowl that had always been used ter
Having three or four flights in a day,
And whipping what came in his way.
Now, he thought the gay bonnet a chicken,
And proceeded to give it a lickin',
And soon that magnificent feather
Was most awfully under the weather.

—*Ralph E. Hoyt, in Chicago Tribune.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Sunflower Culture.

The cultivation of the sunflower, says *Rural World*, is now attracting the attention of many agriculturists, although no concerted action has yet been had in the matter. It is of easy cultivation, growing freely in all soils, and is not very sensitive to climatic conditions. Of course the better the soil the better the product. It is, however, a very exhaustive crop, taking from the soil a copious supply of potash, and therefore should not follow itself in rotation, unless this ingredient is very fully renewed. In some of the river bottoms and rich moist lands of the West a variety grows wild, and its seed are used by Indians as food, but the variety most in cultivation is the "Mammoth Russian," which, in good soil, grows to an immense size, twenty-four to thirty inches in diameter, and yields a large quantity of excellent seed. In some places, where wood is scarce, it is grown solely for fuel, the stalks making a very hot, though brief fire. In others it is cultivated only to utilize its seed for feeding stock, as it forms a good winter food for both fowls and horses, giving to the feathers of the one and the hairs of the other a bright glossy appearance, and making them lively and spirited, by feeding half a pint night and morning. It is said to give horses a greater power of endurance when mixed with their rations. It is also grown in some localities as a preventive of malarial diseases, its great absorption of nourishment from the air being supposed to prevent the spread of miasma. In still other places it is grown as a substitute for bean poles, the leaves being stripped off, and the stalks still attached to the roots, make a good support for the vines. But its chief value lies in the clear palatable oil which can be obtained from the seed, and which is equal as a drying oil to linseed, and superior to that for many uses. There are no mills exclusively devoted to its manufacture in this country, but both the linseed and the cotton-seed-oil mills express it occasionally, and are frequent buyers. It is not cultivated to any great extent in this country as a marketable crop, but is extensively grown in Russia, where it is said to average fifty bushels of seed to the acre, and one bushel of seed to yield about one gallon of oil. With the improved methods devised by the cotton-seed crushers in this country, it is quite likely this yield could be increased, and the rich, moist lands of the West would probably largely increase the product per acre. There is no established price for the seed in our leading markets, but buyers at the mills report that they pay one dollar per bushel.

Valuable Hints in Potato Culture.

Professor Johnson, in a bulletin recently issued from the Michigan Agricultural College on potato culture, gives as the results of experience on the college farm the following useful hints and directions: The soils best adapted to potatoes are sandy and gravelly loams. Clay soils, if the season be wet, produce very poor potatoes. An old pasture turned over or any sod ground is admirably adapted to the potato.

A little well-rotted compost, harrowed in thoroughly upon such a sod, will usually give a fair crop of tubers upon comparatively poor soil. The application of fresh stable manure is liable to diminish the yield of potatoes and greatly increase the tendency to rot. Mucky soils in a dry season often produce a good crop, but as these are deficient in organic matter, an application of leached ashes will be found desirable to supply the potash essential to the growth of the potato. Ashes are a special fertilizer for potatoes, adding to the yield and improving the quality.

The soil must be thoroughly pulverized and leveled. In field pasture rowing both ways and planting in hills three feet apart each way, is economical and satisfactory. In cultivation keep the land as level as practicable; avoid hilling up. Varieties that produce tubers close together require deeper planting, say to the depth of five or six inches. Deep planting, especially on sandy soil, is a good rule to adopt in potato culture.

Professor Johnson advises that, for seed, perfect specimens of good shape and of medium size, rather than the largest potatoes, be selected and cut with three or four eyes, on a piece. He also prefers to cut the potatoes at time of planting, when this is practicable. While potato-growers differ greatly in their views as to the best amount of seed—from a single eye to a whole potato—the tests on the Michigan College farm indicate that when potatoes are cut to about three eyes to the piece, and one piece planted in a hill, the yield and quality are best.

As regards time of planting, it can only be said that some seasons the early planted potatoes give best returns, while other seasons the late plantings succeed best. If potatoes are a long time coming up, it is advised to run over the field with a light harrow so as to break the crusted earth. When the rows can be seen, with a shovel-plow cover the rows of the new plants with about two inches of earth. Frequent cultivation during the growing season is essential to a good crop.

As regards varieties, the Beauty of Hebron and Burbank's Seedlings are the main sorts for field culture in Michigan, as these paid well and are of excellent quality. The Early Ohio, Clark's No. 1, the Rural Blush and the White Star are also good yielding sorts.—*New York World.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Study what your soil and the crops you grow need, and then, as best you can, feed so as to make special manures to meet the demand.

If you want to get the full capacity out of your horses without injury, use moderation at the beginning of every task you impose upon them.

Water house plants only when they require it. This may be from two to three times a week, depending on how fast the soil dries out in the pots.

Onion seed may be sown very early, in fact, as soon as the ground can be made ready to receive it. The soil should be well plowed, then harrowed, rolled and harrowed again, until thoroughly pulverized. It should then be raked clean of sticks, stones and clods.

Dry, gravelly soil is required for successfully keeping sheep. In Europe the farmers will only keep sheep for wool on soils containing lime, as they say on such soils the quantity of wool is better. Here no one has thought of these fine points in wool growing, but they are well worth considering.

The rule about feeding hens varies with the breed. The Asiatic varieties are easily over-fed, especially with corn, grow fat, lay but few eggs and work off their fat only by sitting. Leghorns and other non-sitters can scarcely be fed too much if given slowly, and so the hens are compelled to scratch for it.

Most purchasers of trees want the largest size. This is nearly as foolish as was the man who went to the shoe store and called for the biggest pair of boots that could be got for $5. Young trees always have most root in proportion to top, will grow fastest and will come soonest into bearing, other things being equal.

The chief drawback in cultivating blackberries is lack of hardiness in the canes. Wild blackberries were always supposed to be hardy, though even these were often destroyed by severe weather, when the fact of their being wild prevented the loss being noticed. Cultivation increases succulent growth and lessens hardiness.

Few crops take up so much potash as the potato. It is an alkaline juice that stains the hands when paring potatoes, and it is best removed by oxalic acid. This alone should be a sufficient hint as to the kind of fertilizer most needed for potatoes, and is the reason why this crop soonest fails on sandy soils, where potash is usually deficient.

The instinct of a fowl leads it to scratch, even in feeding on a heap of whole grain. This causes it to stop eating long enough to swallow. We give fowls too much at a time, and this causes them to stuff themselves so as to injure their crops if fed dampened meal. A little whole grain scattered among straw will make poultry scratch for what they get and conduce to their healthfulness.

An exchange says that successful culture of apples must provide good food for the trees. We never saw the soil too rich for the apple. Kitchen ashes, in which the table refuse is thrown, is an excellent top dressing for apples. We like top dressing better than any other system of manure for apple trees. Even nice ditch scrapings are good to top dress with where nothing else offers.

Many farmers in places where their land is swept by fierce winds find it profitable to plant apple trees in masses large enough to make a wind-break on the side of the farm most exposed. The apple tree branches low down, and, if bordered by a fence four or five feet high on the windward side, the ground will be covered with snow almost as perfectly as it was in the original forests.

It is a good cow that will pay her cost in a year's sale of butter beside furnishing milk for family use. But it is only such a cow that a farmer keeping but one animal can afford to own. Usually poor families keeping only one cow have that of superior merit. In large herds owned by slow farmers there will be a number of culls, which, like the lean kine in Pharoah's dream, eat up the profit from the others.

The tomato as now cultivated is one of the best examples of improvement in vegetables by careful selection of seed. When first introduced the specimens were all irregularly shaped, watery and very seedy. Now fruit can be grown nearly all smooth, firm fleshed and much better flavored than the old sorts. The Trophy is probably the best variety for general cultivation, but is rather late, and not suited for those seeking the early market.

Nearly all gardeners transplant cabbage plants, but a successful grower writes that he sows the seed in rows twenty-one inches apart, in order to allow of cultivating the plants with a harrow. After they reached the size at which transplanting is done, he transplants all of these in every alternate row until the plants stand two feet apart. The rows are three and one-half feet apart. He claims that they do as well as those transplanted from seed in the ordinary way.

Household Hints and Recipes.

Remove flower-pot stains from the window-sill by rubbing with fine wood ashes, and rinse with clean water.

Cold cream, which easily becomes rancid, may be preserved by the addition of a small amount of salicylic acid.

Don't throw away the bent whalebones, but straighten by soaking in water about three hours and then drying them.

Dainty little cases for small pieces of jewelry are made out of a baby's shoe bronzed and lined with quilted satin. It is fastened to the dressing case by a bow of ribbon.

Three or four soft pillows, each different, now adorn a fashionable sofa. They are not ornamental merely, but are put behind the back or under the arms for the sake of comfort.

To make volatile soap for removing paint, grease spots, etc., take four tablespoonfuls of spirits of hartshorn, four tablespoonfuls of alcohol, and a tablespoonful of salt. Shake the whole well together in a bottle, and apply with a sponge or brush.

A good vegetable soup is made in this way: One onion, two potatoes, one carrot, one turnip and six stalks of celery cut in small pieces. Boil them until soft in three pints of water, adding one pint of canned tomatoes, with salt to taste. Put some croutons in the tureen; turn the soup over them and serve.

Cold beef or mutton may be utilized for breakfast or lunch in this way: Mince the meat very fine with onion to taste, adding pepper and salt and a little gravy. Fill a baking-dish or scallop-shell three parts full with the mince and cover with mashed potatoes until full. Bake in a brisk oven until a light brown.

A salad can be made by taking the unbleached ends of celery and cabbage, in the proportion of one third celery and two-thirds cabbage. Chop them both together very fine and make a dressing as follows: One teaspoonful each of salt, pepper, sugar, mustard and oil, and moisten with vinegar. This needs no cooking.

Vegetable Clothing.

About two hundred years ago the Governor of the Island of Jamaica, Sir Thomas Lyncn, sent to King Charles II. of England a vegetable neck-tie, and a very good necktie it was, although it had grown on a tree and had not been altered since it was taken from the tree.

A gentleman who witnessed two natives manufacturing this lace, thus describes it. A tree about twenty feet high and six inches in diameter, with a bark looking much like that of a birch tree, was cut down. Three strips of bark, each about six inches wide and eight feet long, were taken from the trunk and thrown into a stream of water. Then each man took a strip while it was still in the water, and with the point of his knife separated a thin layer of the inner bark from one end of the strip. This layer was then taken in the fingers and gently pulled, whereupon it came away in an even sheet of the entire width and length of the strip of bark. Twelve sheets were thus taken from each strip of bark, and thrown into the water.

The men were not through yet, however, for when each strip of bark had yielded its twelve sheets, each sheet was taken from the water and gradually stretched sidewise. The spectator could hardly believe his eyes. The sheet broadened and broadened until from a close piece of material six inches wide, it became a filmy cloud of delicate lace over three feet in width. The astonished gentleman was forced to confess that no human-made loom ever turned out lace which could surpass in snowy whiteness and gossamer-like delicacy that products of nature.

The natural lace is not so regular in formation as the material called illusion, so much worn by ladies in summer; but it is as soft and white, and will bear washing, which is not true of illusion. In Jamaica and Central America, among the poorer people, it supplies the place of manufactured cloth, which they cannot afford to buy; and the wealthier classes do not by any means scorn it for ornamental use. The tree is commonly called the lace-bark tree. Its botanical name is *Lagetto lintearia.*—*St. Nicholas.*

"Crackle" Glass.

Those who have seen the pretty and inexpensive ware may be interested to know how it is made. Crackle glass is produced by covering one side of a piece of plate glass with a thick stratum of a flux, or readily fusible glass, mixed with coarse fragments of glass.

The flux (or fusible glass) under this treatment cracks and splits, leaving innumerable fine lines of fracture over its surface, having much the appearance of scales in irregular crystals, which cross and intersect each other in every direction, producing the most striking and beautiful effects when the light falls upon its surface.

The rapid cooling of the fusible coating is effected by exposing it to a current of cold air, or by cautious sprinkling with cold water.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

FLORAL LANGUAGE.

O, lovely flowers, that, looking up to me,
Reveal the beauties of the floral train;
Moistened with dew that, soft as summer rain,
Impearls thy faces till they laugh with glee.
O, perfumed Violets! blue as summer sky;
O, Pansies; peering out from hoods of gold,
Lovely as dreamy glimpse of heaven!—I fold
You to my heart; ye glad my weary eye.

I breathe the odorous fragrance of thy bloom,
O, Heliotrope, so subtle that my sense,
My thoughts, my very being seemed to hence
Depart! Flowers for the bridal and the tomb!
Rosebuds and Calla—silent still—O, what say ye?
"We know not death; we bloom perpetually."

—*Vick's Magazine.*

Approved mourning jewelry is of English crape stone.

Canvas and silk surah are combined for dresses for summer wear.

Light summer corduroy are used for skirts with light woolen overdresses.

Veilings for summer wear are almost as soft and light as mousseline de soie.

Black and colored velvets are used for trimming cotton as well as wool dresses.

Wire is used to support the huge masses of trimming on some bonnets and hats.

English straw bonnets and hats are among the most comfortable for headgear.

Street costumes of wool are preferred, although dark and black silks are also used.

White canvas, chuddah and serge are combined with black velvet for demi-toilettes.

Bridesmaid's slippers are to be embroidered with the flower used for their bouquets.

Summer dresses, made of cotton fabrics in wool effects, are unusually picturesque and effective.

Ostrich plumes in twelve-inch lengths will be in good demand for the broad-brimmed hats.

Colored crepes, tinseled laces, fancy ribbons, jets and flowers are favorite trimmings in millinery.

"Authorities" are asserting that white will be used for walking costumes during the summer as well as for in-door toilettes.

The basque represents a favorite bodice and many of the dress skirts have the drapery fastened on instead of a regular overskirt.

Trimmings are to be massed in the front of hats and bonnets much in the same style as the past season, only higher if possible.

Although ostrich tips will be in vogue, other feather trimmings have relinquished the field to flowers and straw garnitures.

Mrs. Mary B. Johnson, who died at Covington, Ky., recently, at the age of ninety-one, is said to have left 171 descendants.

Pelerines of velvet or plush are cut longer than they have usually been worn, some of the new models reaching below the waist line.

New materials in the stores are traversed in all directions with threads of worsted or of waste silk, the mixture of colors looking as though it were due to chance alone.

There are few novelties in handkerchiefs. Narrow hems are more popular than wide ones. Narrow lace is used for trimming. Some styles with initials are very pretty.

The fresh silks are shown in every possible variety of pattern and color, with a decided preference for the darker shades of blue and golden browns that have an added golden sheen.

In China and Japan girls are named after some beautiful natural object, and such names are common, as Cherry-flower, Peach-blossom, Plum-blossom, Bamboo-leaf, Pine-woods, Sugar, etc.

Lace dresses are shown in a profusion of styles, there being black lace dresses over black silk linings, black lace dresses over bright-colored linings, and white or cream lace dresses over linings of the same hue.

Many of the new dresses show vests of crepe de chine, lace or linen cambric. There is noticeable, too, a tendency to dresses made of one material only in place of last season's fashion of two or more combinations.

In dress material the long reign of spots is over, or nearly over, and the designer's ingenuity is now exercised in varying the arrangement of stripes and cross-bars, which, after all, may be termed the simplest manifestation of decorative art.

Will wash goods be worn much this summer? Yes, decidedly, but be careful how you have them made up, or it will be impossible to have them washed. The garnitures are of velvet, lace and ribbons, and if these are to be removed you may as well remodel or buy another.

The new fashion of silver or gold crown pieces for the most elaborate bonnets has been added to by a very delicate gold lace which is intended to beautify brims or edges in conjunction with the crowns, and must be backed by some appropriate material to set it off.

Queer and unmanageable as they are, girls are likely to get their dues like other people. The beautiful girl is courted for her beauty and spoiled. The plain girl is admired and loved for her usefulness and is seldom spoiled. In the long run the plain girl gets more appreciation and genuine admiration for her usefulness than the beautiful girl gets for her beauty.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Love letters at breach of promise suits are usually amusing, but none more so than one written by an English young man, which was of such a strain as the following: "Dearest, most charming, superlative Sally—I am longing really for the time to come when I shall have you in a home, a bower of lovers' bliss, where we can coo and bill all the day long. We shall soon have a splash, dash-up wedding of our own, and then we shall take the shine out of them."

A Young Pianist's Plight.

Some years ago, it is related, a young pianist was about to give a concert in one of the European capitals. Although she had never seen the great Hungarian composer, she was tempted to insert in the programmes she sent out the alluring notice: "Pupil of Liszt," deeming herself perfectly safe from detection, as the musician was far away. Just before the day of the concert she took up a newspaper, and, to her horror, among the names of the arrivals at a certain hotel in the city, she read that of "the Abbe Liszt." What was she to do? To confess her fraud openly at the onset of her musical career would be to crush it at once. A straightforward plan suggested itself. Acting upon it she went to the hotel, asked to see the Abbe, and threw herself on his mercy. Liszt asked her a few questions, and then requested her to play one of the pieces she intended to perform at the concert. While she did so he stood over her, suggesting a pause here or correcting a forte there. At the conclusion of the piece Liszt said: "Now, Mademoiselle, you can truthfully say that you are a pupil of Liszt, for you have had your first lesson. You may also put on your programmes that you will be assisted by your master, who will play two pieces at your concert." Liszt kept his promise, and by his disinterested kindness saved the girl's reputation.—*New York Tribune.*

Calling the Pigs.

An exchange says that the manner of calling swine is as varied as the number of States. The Pennsylvanian requests the presence of his herd with: "Pig—Pig, Pig, Pig-gie, Pig-gie. The North Carolinian hallooes: "Pig-i, Pig-i," dwelling on the "i" each time. The Hoosier calls: "Whoo-ee, whoo-ee," and his pigs come on the jump from every direction. A Buckeye farmer reasons with his big, easy-going porker, and coaxingly cries: "Soo, soo—soo, soo, soo." The Kentucky farmer causes the hills to reverberate with his heavy bass voice: "Poohe, Poohe," A Dakatian farmer brings his pigs with a shrill whistle. And thus each State has its own peculiar manner of calling the swine.

A luxuriant head of hair adds to beauty and comeliness. Use Hall's Hair Renewer.

Remember! Ayer's Ague Cure is warranted to cure fever and ague. It never fails.

Lizards as Weather Prophets.

One of the greatest attractions to the walker in Southern California, presuming that he or she is interested in nature, is the abundance and variety of lizards. Some are unattractive, while others are bedecked with gorgeous hues. They are veritable barometers, as upon the slightest cold breeze they go down into deep holes and lie dormant until there is a change. Yesterday, when a cool wind swept down from the snow-clad peaks, not a lizard could be found; but to-day, when the sun has returned and everything is bright and cheery, these reptilian weather prophets are out in full force, darting about at every step of the walker.—*San Francisco Call.*

THE BLOOD MAKES THE ENTIRE CIRCUIT OF THE BODY EVERY SEVEN MINUTES, and whenever this circulation is impeded, or any of its channels are clogged by impurities, disease follows—fever, or a disorder of liver, or kidneys, or scrofula, or dyspepsia. To get at the source of the difficulty, use the blood purifier, DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS.

The knowledge drawn from experience is of quite another kind from that which flows from speculation or discourse.

Only Thirty-six Per Cent.
of those who die from consumption inherit the disease. In all other cases it must either be contracted through carelessness; or according to the new theory of tubercular parasites, received directly from others as an infectious disease. But in either case, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a positive remedy for the disease in its early stages. It is delay that is dangerous. If you are troubled with shortness of breath, spitting of blood, night-sweats or a lingering cough, do not hesitate to procure this sovereign remedy *at once.*

IT has been found that paper can be used as a good substitute for felt in the manufacture of hats.

The Splendor of Dress
and the artificial effects of cosmetics, no matter how deftly applied, can never make beautiful or attractive one who is subject to emaciation, nervous debility or any form of female weakness. These must be reached by inward application, and not by outward attempts at concealment, and the ladies may take hope from the fact that thousands of their sisters have made themselves more radiant and beautiful by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" than they could ever hope to do by the aid of the appliances of the toilet.

THERE are thirteen American women studying at the University of Zurich.

The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequalled.

AN artificial sponge has been made of cotton in England. It is efficient and cheap.

How to Shorten Life.
The receipt is simple. You have only to take a violent cold, and neglect it. Abernethy, the great English surgeon, asked a lady who told him she only had a cough: "What would you have? The plague?" Beware of "only coughs." The worst cases can, however, be cured by DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. In Whooping Cough and Croup it immediately allays irritation, and is sure to prevent a fatal termination of the disease. Sold by druggists.

If you have tumor (or tumor symptoms), Cancer (or cancer symptoms), Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt-Rheum, Chronic Weaknesses, Nervousness or other complaints—Dr. Kilmer's FEMALE REMEDY corrects and cures.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties.* It contains blood-making force, generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

We Appeal to Experience.
For a long time we steadily refused to publish testimonials, believing that, in the opinion of the public generally, the great majority were manufactured to order by unprincipled parties as a means of disposing of their worthless preparations.

That this view of the case is to a certain extent true, there can be no doubt.

At last, several years ago, we came to the conclusion that every intelligent person can readily discriminate between spurious and bona fide testimonials, and determined to use as advertisements a few of the many hundreds of unsolicited certificates in our possession.

In doing this, we published them as nearly as possible in the exact language used by our correspondents, only changing the phraseology, in some cases, so as to compress them into a smaller space than they would otherwise occupy, but without in the least exaggerating or destroying the meaning of the writers.

We are glad to say that our final conclusion was a correct one—that a letter recommending an article having true merit finds favor with the people.

The original of every testimonial published by us is on file in our office, an inspection of which will prove to the most skeptical that our assertion made above, that only the facts are given as they appear therein, is true.

But as it would be very inconvenient, if not impossible, for all of our friends to call on us for that purpose, we invite those who doubt (if there be such), to correspond with any of the parties whose names are signed to our testimonials, and ask them if we have made any misstatements, so far as their knowledge extends, in this article. In other words, if we have not published their letters as nearly verbatim as possible.

Very respectfully,
E. T. HAZELTINE,
Proprietor Piso's Cure for Consumption
and Piso's Remedy for Catarrh.

We append a recent letter, which came to us entirely unsolicited, with permission to publish it:

DAYTON, Ohio, Jan. 12, 1886.
You may add my testimony as to the merits of Piso's Cure for Consumption. I took a severe cold last February, which settled on my lungs. They became ulcerated and were so painful that I had no rest for two days and nights. I got a bottle of Piso's Cure for Consumption, and was relieved by the time I had taken half of it. Since that time I have kept Piso's Cure in the house, and use it as a preventive, both for lung troubles and croup, for which I can recommend it as the best medicine I ever used; and that is saying a great deal, for I have used at least twenty others, besides about as many physicians' prescriptions. Piso's Cure for Consumption has never failed to give relief in my family.

A. J. GRUBB,
37 Springfield St.

A dead certainty: The *Hop Plaster* is more active than any other plaster on earth. Kills pain *Hop Plasters* are soothing, stimulating, pain-killing and strengthening, clean, sweet and sure.

Had a billious attack and one of those indescribable cases of constant weariness. Took quinine and other remedies without relief. Took Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic; am strong and well. ASA THOMPSON, Logan, Ohio.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

Scrofula of Lungs.
I am now 49 years old, and have suffered for the last fifteen years with a lung trouble. I have spent thousands of dollars to arrest the march of this disease; but temporary relief was all that I obtained. I was unfit for any manual labor for several years. A friend strongly recommended the use of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), claiming that he himself had been greatly benefitted by its use in some lung troubles. I resolved to try it. The results are remarkable. My cough has left me, my strength has returned, and I weigh sixty pounds more than I ever did in my life. It has been three years since I stopped the use of the medicine, but I have had no return of the disease, and there are no pains or weakness felt in my lungs. I do the hardest kind of work. T. J. HOLT.
Montgomery, Ala., June 25, 1885.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 157 W. 23d St., N. Y.

Pensions to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

Wyandotte Eggs, 13 for $2, 39 for $5. Brown Leghorn 13 for $1, 39 for $2.50. From first-class stock. Packed to go any distance. C. W. Smith, Greeneville, Conn.

OPIUM Habit, Quickly and Painlessly cured at home. Correspondence solicited and *free trial* of cure sent honest investigators. THE HUMANE REMEDY COMPANY, Lafayette, Ind.

SURE CURE for DYSPEPSIA & INDIGESTION. Address J. M. SHELLY, Charlotte, N. C.

Palms' Business College, Philadelphia. Terms only $10. Situations furnished. Write for circulars.

SEND NAME QUICK for Prof. Moody's New Illustrated Book on Dress Making, New Dolman, and Mantle Cutting, etc. Agents sell 10 a day. Prof. MOODY, Cincinnati, O.

This is the Season

When a good medicine is a necessity. The impure state of the blood, the deranged digestion and the weak condition of the body, all call for the purifying, regulating and strengthening influences so happily and effectively combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla. It overcomes that tired feeling, cures headache and dyspepsia, and expels every taint of scrofula from the blood.

"My daughter had been ailing some time with general debility, and Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended to us. After she had taken three bottles she was completely cured and built up. It is with great pleasure that I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla."—BEN M. MIRRIELEES, Supt. Cincinnati and Louisville Mail Line Co., Cincinnati.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is peculiar to itself in the combination, proportion and preparation of its ingredients. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, which effects remarkable cures where other medicines entirely fail to do any good whatever.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla in four weeks made me a new man. My head ceased to ache, and my whole system is built up anew, enjoying perfect health."—L. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank St., N. Y. City.

"Two months ago I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla as an experiment, as I had no appetite or strength, and felt tired all the time. I attributed my condition to scrofulous humor. I had tried several different kinds of medicine without receiving any benefit. But as soon as I had taken half a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla my appetite was restored and my stomach felt better. I have now taken nearly three bottles, and I never was so well in my life."—MRS. JESSIE F. DOLBEARE, Pascoag, R. I.

"Having been afflicted with a complication of disorders, the result of impure blood, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the result was perfectly satisfactory."—MRS. J. BARTON, New Haven, Conn.

The Best Spring Medicine

"For a number of years past I have made it a rule to use a medicine every spring to cleanse my system. Last spring I used three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and derived more benefit from it than from any other medicine I have ever used."—CHARLES P. SMITH, Youngstown, Ohio.

"We all like Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is so strengthening."—LIZZIE BALFOUR, Auburn, R. I.

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100 Doses One Dollar

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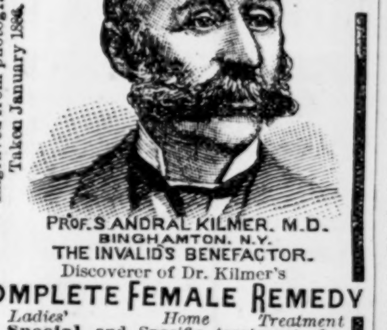

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B. B. B. cures Sick Headache, restores Lost Appetite, Aids Digestion and positively
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I am now using your Burdock Blood Bitters for my Humors and Pimples. I find them a most effective remedy for bad blood. J. QUIRK, South Hadley Falls, Mass.
For all Humors in the Blood I can testify that your Burdock Blood Bitters is unsurpassed. I recommend them to all. EMELINE DANIELS, Groton, Ct.

Burdock Blood Bitters

A bad rash broke out all over me, and I tried a great many remedies, but got no relief. At last tried your Burdock Blood Bitters; they purified my blood and gave me great relief in a short time. I shall not be without them. MRS. R. RECTANUS, 106 Center Ave., Pittsburg, Pa. July 13, 1885.

B. B. B. cures Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions, Humors, Fleshworms, and every species of
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